ABOUT TIME

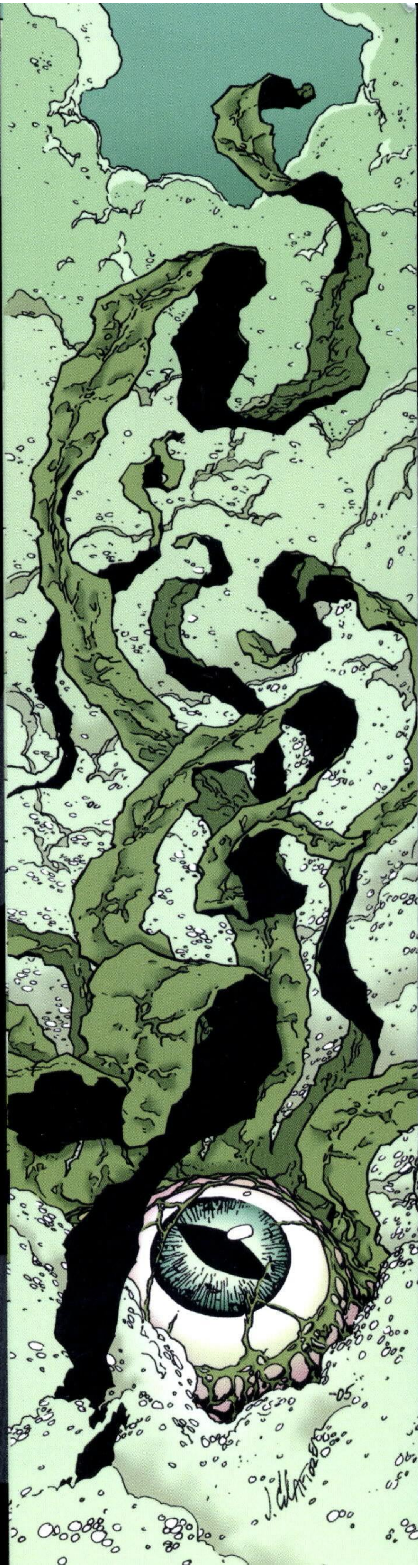
THE UNAUTHORIZED GUIDE TO DOCTOR WHO

1966-1969

SEASONS 4 TO 6

Essays

TAT WOOD & LAWRENCE MILES



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What Are the Dodgiest Accents in the Series?

The British Isles are blessed with a rich and diverse assortment of accents, some of which can actually be taken seriously. When national radio broadcasts began in the 1920s, the BBC worried that people in Cornwall wouldn't understand people in Glasgow, and laid down regulations on the clarity of spoken English. This "Received Pronunciation" was intended to be the "default" English that everyone understood, even if they didn't know anyone who rahlly spoke like that (not necessarily the same as "posh", as the committee decided that some working-class pronunciations were more "correct" than educated affectations). Anyone wishing to work in broadcasting, either as an actor or dealing with other people in the field, attempted to lose whatever native accent they had and talk BBC English. Generations of schoolchildren spoke with their own accents at home, yet with BBC English to strangers and cod-American when playing Cowboys and Indians.

So drama schools set up courses on how to do regional accents, should the part require it. These mainly consisted of four key accents, with which you could bluff your way around any part you were given (and in the age of radio, you might only have ten minutes' notice). These were...

Cockernee. "Gor Blimey, luv'ly violets, Guv." Not to be confused with Yank Cockney, which was invented by Una O'Connor in *Bride of Frankenstein* before being refined by Dick Van Dyke. There's also Estuary English, or "Mockney", an accent which has spread to engulf much of the Home Counties and is employed by educated people - especially indie rock stars and David Tennant's "Ello, Mickey!" version of the Doctor - in order to sound "everyday".

Mummerset. "Ooh-arr, mangle me wurzels." As used by any out-of-towner not designated "Northern" or "Geordie". The name derives from "Mummer" (a travelling player, but with overtones of "mumble") and "Somerset" (a county full of inbred yokels, supposedly). We have to reiterate, for our French readers, that "Mummerset" isn't a place-name. Somerset and Norfolk are at opposite ends of the country, but drama schools thought the same accent would work for both.

Northern. "Eeh bah gum, ther's trouble at t'mill, 'appen." Could be Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Northamptonshire... people in London see them as interchangeable. The accent belongs with flat caps, whippets, brass bands, black puddings, clogs, attitude problems and outside toilets.

Geordie. "Wy-aye, kidder... ooah nooah!" Covers anything else.

Anyone who's followed the course of *Doctor Who* for any length of time should be able to name at least a handful of characters who fall into each of these categories. So the following list of atrocities is not, alas, exhaustive. Nor does it include characters trying to fake accents (as in, for instance, "The Feast of Steven"), except when it was intended to fool the viewers as well.

Dodo. (Jackie Lane, Season Three.) There's actually nowt wrong wi' our Dorothea's Manchester accent. Like most Mancunians in the '60s (e.g. Colin Baker), she clearly tried to lose it when she came to London, so it's hard to place it more reliably. (There are about a dozen different accents from the area, and that woman out of *Frasier* can't do any of them. Christopher Eccleston, incidentally, is Salford-ish.) And there's not a lot wrong with Dodo's modishly 1966 cockernee, to be honest; it's not as gratingly "look how up-to-date we are" as, say, casting Michael Craze. Nor do we violently object to her Received Pronunciation. What's wrong is that she seems to have a different background and upbringing from story to story, and her accent shifts region to suit. Yet another sign that Innes Lloyd doesn't give a monkeys about the loyal viewers, just about grabbing new ones.

Milo Clancey. (Gordon Gostelow, 6.6, "The Space Pirates".) In space, no-one can hear you yodel. The space-lanes in this story are populated with people who all sound like British actors trying to be American, with varying degrees of success. We single out Milo Clancey for two reasons. One is that all the others were written as speaking that way, whereas Clancey was only made American late in rehearsals, and thus the lines were re-written and given folksy turns of phrase at odds with the basic idea of the character. It remains a mystery why 'rubbishy newfangled solar-toasters' isn't the single most infamous line in the entire series' run. Worse, the plot relies on him being a plausible ringleader of the pirate gang, but the Old Timer '49er schtick makes this seem about as likely as Norman Wisdom running drugs out of Columbia. The other problem is that Gordon Gostelow is spectacularly unable to keep it up for an entire sentence, so six words into anything he says, he reverts to Lancashire. (Note that one of the authors of this book was dimly aware of this *at five years of age* when the story was broad-

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cast. That's young enough to think *Thunderbirds* is real, so imagine how bogus an accent has to be to ring hollow.)

Luke Ward and His Dad. (Gary Cady and Peter Childs, 22.3, "The Mark of the Rani".) Geordie accents are notoriously difficult. It's only when you hear a real one that all attempts to fake it are revealed as inadequate, because *they're not ludicrous enough*. The people of the north-eastern extreme of England, between Yorkshire and Scotland, go for diphthongs in a big way. But - and it's an important but - the vowel-sounds and local idioms aren't even applied predictably. In fact, the only certainty is that if you cast an actor from the southern counties to play a Geordie then he's going to sound like he's doing a Peter Sellers-style generic Indian (see "Crewman Ranjit"). Peter Childs, usually cast as Londoners, was given the line *I divven* (don't) *have the strength to lift a Toby* (a Toby Jug is a tankard with a face on it, usually used for beer). It came out as 'wah deevarn huff the stringth to liff a twarbeh'.

Later, and this is where it gets really embarrassing, he gets to criticise the Master for using the phrase "hold hard": 'Huuuld warrr, dooowen he twuualk foooneh.' This is supposed to be a joke at the expense of the Master's inability to pass for a Man of the People, and instead it almost becomes a post-modern reference to the inability of anyone at the BBC to hire real Geordie actors. It's not as if there's ever been a shortage of them, but the majority of those old enough to play Luke's dad had spent years trying to lose the accent in order to get decent parts. See "The Armageddon Factor" (16.6), for instance, in which John Woodvine (as the Marshal) contemplated using his natural accent to indicate when he was and wasn't under the Shadow's mind-control. Still, "The Mooark of the Rooaneh" provides more entertainment for this than anything else it has to offer, and watching Newcastle-born author-to-be Keith Topping laying into producer John Nathan-Turner at a convention was a spectacular sight, from a safe distance.

Oh, and Luke himself has a totally different accent to everyone else in town.

"Sir Gilles Estram". (Anthony Ainley, 20.6, "The King's Demons".) 'Your mother was a hamster and your father smelled of elderberries.' Previous daft accents adopted by the Master, in the quest for cosmic domination or a gig with a regional weekly rep company, might have been a bit iffy: Professor Thascales in "The Time Monster" (9.5), Khalid in "Time Flight" (19.7), Derek Nimmo[1] in "The Keeper of Traken" (18.6)... but this one really is off the scale. Not only does it not sound like French, it barely sounds like speech.

Salamander. (Patrick Troughton, 5.4, "The Enemy of the World".) In this exciting, jet-set, international future, all sorts of people with all sorts of accents will be interacting. At least unless they're American. A Mexican in charge of the New World Order is all very well, especially in a story stuffed with Hungarians and Australians, plus people from wherever the food-taster Fariah is supposed to come from. The trouble is that they try to be very, very specific about it. The Doctor works out where Salamander grew up to within twenty miles, and there's a lot of fuss and tension about whether he'll be able to do the voice. Four whole episodes go by before he agrees to attempt it properly, but in episode one he goes into the bathroom with a comb and comes out talking like an absent-minded Speedy Gonzales. It's in no way an acceptable Mexican accent, and it's certainly not from the Yucatan Valley. However, the real Salamander sounds like Patrick Troughton doing Peter Lorre, and the Doctor can do that perfectly well.

Pigbin Josh. (Derek Ware, 8.3, "The Claws of Axos".) Words fail us. And, indeed, him.

Crewman Ranjit. (Michael Wisher, 13.2, "Planet of Evil".) It's so well-intentioned, it's almost heartbreaking. After spending so much on the jungle set, they can't hire any more actors to play one-line roles, so the people we've seen "die" on-screen come back and do voice-overs. And to show what an excitingly futuristic melting-pot the Morestrans have, we get an Irish actor playing a character called "Ponti", a Jamaican playing "Morelli" and so on. (See also 6.5, "The Seeds of Death", and virtually every Virgin novel set in the future.) So logically, when a "Crewman Ranjit" speaks up, they should have followed through and given him a Glaswegian accent or something.

The problem is that Michael Wisher, though now best-known as Obviously the Proper Davros,

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was one of those actors who kept having bright ideas on-set and only got stopped by the director about 50% of the time. Particularly when it came to doing voices. (If you've ever watched the Reeltime spin-off videos, then you will have had a good taste of this. *Wartime* has him playing Sergeant Benton's father, but with a "generic dad" voice so different to John Levene's own accent that you'd find it more feasible if Benton had been raised by wolves. Wisher's spontaneous decision to play the leading man in *Shakedown* as a hilarious American caused scriptwriter Terrance Dicks to respond with a question too rude to print, but which ended with '...does he think he's doing?'.) So when called upon to be Ranjit, he ends up doing the bog-standard cod-Indian developed by Peter Sellers in *The Millionairess*, and later refined by ugly racists in pubs across the country.

Mind you... this being BBC in the 1970s, it's possible that they were trying to make Ranjit a Geordie or a Welshman, the same accent passing for all three ethnic stereotypes at most acting schools in those days.

Terry Cutler. (Callen Angelo, 4.2, "The Tenth Planet".) With so many bizarre enunciations going on in these four episodes, you may be surprised that we picked on this one. Why not Secretary Wigner, a German Swiss who speaks Greek-accented French? Why not dwell on Roy Skelton's decision to have the Cybermen talk like Emo Phillips? Well, they were all *supposed* to sound like that. But Terry Cutler is meant to be the son of General Cutler. Robert Beatty - actually Canadian, although we'll let that slide - sounds like our idea of a jarhead Yank, so we accept him as a General. But Terry Cutler sounds like someone trying out a Jimmy Stewart impression. They don't sound as if they're related, or have even met. As Cutler's concern for his son is the nearest they get to anything like characterisation, this is problematic.

Dishonourable mentions: Morton Dill, "The Chase" (2.8); Professor Tryst, "Nightmare of Eden" (17.4); John, "Remembrance of the Daleks" (25.1); Arturo Vilar, "The War Games" (6.7); Bruno Taltalian, "The Ambassadors of Death" (7.3); *all* the astronauts in "The Sontaran Experiment" (12.3); all the Russians except Captain Sorin in "The Curse of Fenric" (26.3); Peri, "Planet of Fire" (21.5) et seq; and Rose Tyler, for occasionally slipping into pure Swindon during the 2005 series.

A special mention also has to go to George Roubicek as Captain Hopper in "The Tomb of the Cybermen" (5.1), but we haven't listed it here because we genuinely don't know what his accent is supposed to be. It may well be that he really spoke that way, so it'd be churlish to make merry with an actor lumbered with the worst Englishman's-idea-of-Brooklyn-idioms since Dennis Spooner left the series. If we'd ever seen him in anything else, ever, we could decide whether his delivery was a radiantly awful fake-American like Bill Filer (8.3, "Claws of Axos") or deeply eccentric but natural. Like Sylvester McCoy, or Joseph Furst in "The Underwater Menace" (4.5).

What's the Cyberman Timeline?

Well, we have a handful of rock-solid dates: December 1986, November 1988, 2070 and 2526. We have "before" and "after" on a few of the others, although the possibility of Cyber-time-travel complicates things no end. If you look at the essay accompanying "Earthshock" (19.6) then you'll see the problem.

We'll leave the nuts-and-bolts timeline until the end of this piece, because a more interesting subject for study is the Cybermen's overall development. Many people have had a shot at explaining how this works, and David Banks' book *Cybermen* (a title that only needs an exclamation mark to sound like the strangest musical on Broadway) has been among the most influential, despite no end of fiddly errors. Still, with all the cock-ups and inconsistencies in the broadcast accounts, this is yet another wonderful playground for the obsessive fan.

Our first problem is dealing with the Cybermen's involvement in Earth's affairs before 1986. The assumption is that Mondas was the original home of the race, while the planet Telos - only mentioned once in the '60s stories, in "The Tomb of the Cybermen" (5.1) - was a safe-haven they adopted after the destruction of the old homestead. So why were the Telosians (if that's who they were) so keen to contact Tobias Vaughn in the 1960s (if that's when it was)? The Cybermen's 'history computer' in "The Invasion" (6.3) has records of meeting the Doctor and Jamie on 'Planet 14', so they had significant interplanetary experience well before the return of Mondas in 1986. In which case, why attack Earth and try to drain its energy when they can go anywhere? The implication seems to be that there's a definite schism between Mondasian and Telosian Cybermen, and it's not impossible that each faction is unaware of the other, at least until the events of 1986 become a matter of historical record. This would, at least, explain the huge gulf between their two technologies. It's hard to reconcile a race with the power to drain whole worlds in "The Tenth Planet" with the mooching tin soldiers of later stories.

And where exactly *was* Mondas all this time? It was somehow undetected by Earth's diligent astronomers, who can infer the existence of a tiny slush-puppy like Pluto by its gravitational influence but miss an Earth-size planet gollywhacking about the cosmos. We're unhelpfully told that it drifted to 'the edge of space' some time back (we have no timescale, just that 'millions of years ago' it was Earth's twin, while one of the Cybermen says it was 'aeons ago'). What caused this rather erratic behaviour, and did it affect Earth? How did two almost identical species come to prominence on two planets with such different conditions? Did the Daemons, the Fendahl, the Osirians, Scaroth et al visit both worlds? Did someone crash a spaceship full of anti-matter into prehistoric Mondas, in order to wipe out *their* dinosaurs (see "Earthshock", again)? And was the thing that made the Silurians run for cover - presumably the moon (but see 7.2) - the same thing that shifted the planet's orbit?

One thing is certain. If Mondas is in any meaningful sense Earth's "twin", then it can't have been in the same orbit, at least not without some form of divine intervention. Eventually, two such planets would gravitate towards one another. This doesn't mean a collision is inevitable, simply that Earth and Mondas would revolve around a common point, each blotting out the other's sunlight and both attracting far more comets and meteors. A nearby orbit in the same rough range as Earth, Venus and Mars might work, and another planet of roughly Earth-size wouldn't necessarily cause any tidal effects or alterations in our own orbit. There's no guarantee, though, that life on such a planet would be anything like life here. Even if we take it as read that the Mondasian continents are somehow identical to our own.

Maybe humanoid life was imported, then. Within the *Doctor Who* scheme of things, there are any number of potential culprits, or means by which Earthmen could have been transplanted to another world. Fugitives from Atlantis, perhaps? The Daemons might have wanted a control sample for their experiments (8.5). The Doctor vaguely mentions that Azal's race helped Homo sapiens 'kick out the Neanderthals'. With his own relations with Homo Neanderthalis quite well-established (26.2, "Ghost Light"), it's unlikely that he'd be so blasé about the extinction of an intelligent lifeform. So maybe 'kick out' simply means "remove". Actually, virtually all the problems inherent in the existence of Mondas are cleared up if you assume that the whole planet was constructed and stocked by the Daemons while humanity was in its infancy, in which case it's Earth's "twin" in the sense that it's a precise copy. That a story about Neanderthals in exile on another planet was considered at around this time is interesting, but not helpful.

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This supposes that the shift in orbit is a recent event, in cosmic terms. The Cybermen speak of it as historical fact, but people here have been looking at the sky for thousands of years without seeing anything. The one known "ancient" alteration in the solar system in *Doctor Who* lore is the placing of the Fifth Planet in a time-loop (15.3, "Image of the Fendahl"), although the perpetrators were careful to cover their tracks. One planet vanishing is conspicuous enough, but another one waltzing off when the gravity-well adjusts - creating a race notorious across the galaxy in the process - is like taking out an ad announcing that you've broken the law. All the evidence, and the rhetorical thrust of Kit Pedler's polemic, points to Mondas' population being exactly like us. So we're looking at an event between five- and fifteen-thousand years past, certainly not 'millions' as the Doctor suggests. But then, as you may remember from Volume I, his history always becomes suspect when he starts talking about 'millions of years'.

(Oh, and let's get one other theory out of the way. In "The Tenth Planet", the Cybermen have obviously anthropoid hands. So they're unlikely to be descended from Silurians, as was suggested in *Doctor Who Monthly*'s comic-strip.)

Perhaps humans evolved on Mondas, then. No, probably not. The whole point of "The Tenth Planet" is that the Cybermen and their world are connected, part of one big homeostatic system. When the planet ails, they weaken. The departure from the true orbit apparently caused the race to wither, just as the Cybermen who come to Earth draw their life-force from Mondas and die when it dies. We might speculatively suggest that this technology was borrowed from the Exxilons, masters at draining power and building "living" environments, although this is less helpful than it might be for dating purposes (see 11.3, "Death to the Daleks", and behold how vague the history is). So it's possible that the ones who come to Earth are specially adapted to be able to leave Mondas for any length of time at all, and that the majority of the planet's population have to stay put.

This would explain why the Mondasians are superb at drawing power to their home, while the Telosians - originally designed for off-world missions, and reliant on recharging devices like the one we see in "Tomb" - specialise in space-travel. If the spaceworthy ones could harness and store something analogous to *chi*, then why do they so often resort to wholesale destruction of life, rather than harvesting life-energy from planets they can't physically conquer? Clearly, their power-sources are much more primitive than those of the Mondasians. (And if this all seems a bit New Age for technocrats, then try reading some of Pedler's non-fiction books.)

The assault on Earth in 1986 seems more like a desperate gamble to cope with a situation they've tried to avoid, rather than a long-dreamed-of plan of conquest and revenge. Everything about these Cybermen, from their decision to hit the southern hemisphere in mid-summer to the removal of their emotions, is a pragmatic response rather than a long-term scheme. We're told in "Attack of the Cybermen" (22.1) that Mondas' return to our neighbourhood is powered, so it may well be that they chose their moment rather than simply relying on orbital caprice. This doesn't expressly contradict what we're told in "The Tenth Planet", but doesn't exactly match it either. Here it seems to come as a shock to them, as far as they *can* be shocked, that Earth's inhabitants are so advanced. Their offer of "help" involves adapting the humans, yes, but as refugees. Note that Krang takes people's names and occupations before processing, and wherever possible they paralyse rather than kill.

Again, we might almost think that the Mondasians are a different breed to the marauding Telosian lot, and that the latter were specifically designed for more aggressive tasks than the ones who turn up at Snowcap Base. And once again, the analogy with the Daleks is inescapable. The Mondasian invasion is a bid for survival, pure and simple. Everything the others do is part of a plan of conquest. If "The Moonbase" (4.6) had been their first attack on Earth after the debacle of 1986, then it would make sense that they wanted to be sneaky and make a quick, decisive raid. But it wasn't. They're sneaky in "The Invasion", and they're so sneaky in "The Wheel in Space" (5.7) that their plan verges on the incomprehensible.

The Telosians aren't tied to any planet, not even Telos. (Which was, incidentally, only confirmed as a planet in "Attack of the Cybermen"; draft scripts for "Tomb" suggest it was the name of the lost city. Gerry Davis' novelisations of both "The Tenth Planet" and "The Moonbase" muddle things beyond the point of fan-tolerance by claiming that the Cybermen developed on Telos and then

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moved to Mondas, but this is contradicted in "Earthshock", even apart from the fact that it doesn't make sense. The "Moonbase" novel also charmingly describes Jamie as being "a bit thick", although that's another story.) In fact, for now let's call them "spacefarers" instead of "Telosians", because we don't know exactly when Telos became their base. It might have been after the twentieth century, for all we know. The question is, why did the spacefarers never return to Mondas before "The Tenth Planet", after whatever policy decision pushed them out into space?

Well, it can't be that they thought Mondas was inevitably doomed, otherwise "Attack of the Cybermen" wouldn't make any sense. [Pause for sarcastic response.] It's feasible that they didn't even know Mondas was on its way, since the Cybermen in "The Invasion" don't seem to have a strategy that compliments the arrival of their wandering home. The spacefarers may be completely cut off from the Mondasians. So here's another question. Why do they spend so much time trying to conquer Earth in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, then decide not to bother and go off into deep space, thereafter getting into a huge scrap and eventually hiding in a fridge?

One answer, which would explain an awful lot, is that the spacefarers don't have "hyperdrive" (or whatever you want to call it) and thus can't travel beyond Earth's solar system. At this point, remember, we have no reason to suppose that their space-travel technology is any more advanced than that of Earth. Humans can get to Jupiter by the mid-'70s, according to "The Android Invasion" (13.4), and Cyber-ships seem to be on the same sort of level. In "The Wheel in Space", they need a local navigation signal just to get to Earth without missing their target. If the spacefarers left Mondas before it wandered / got pushed out of the solar system, and have been hanging around the outer planets ever since, then an awful lot of minor details in the '60s stories start to add up. We'll be going further up this alley in **Whatever Happened to Planet 14?** under "The Invasion", but for now we can probably assume that the Cybermen only get hold of interstellar transportation after the twenty-first century, at more or less the same time humans do. The result of this later expansionism is the anti-Cyberman alliance of "Earthshock", and the Cyber-War described in "Revenge of the Cybermen" (12.5).

Or, another possibility along the same lines... the Cybermen in "The Invasion" (and arguably those hanging around in 1988 in "Silver Nemesis", although we've got reasons for supposing that they're Schwarzenegger-style time-travelling models from the future) *were* sent to Earth from Mondas, as a spearhead for the planet's arrival. This would explain a big mystery about "The Invasion": what are the Cybermen actually doing here? They came, they knocked everyone out, then they just wandered about for a bit. It's possible that they were briefed to reduce the planet's power-levels before Mondas arrived, in order to stop their homeworld "overheating", and that the failure to take over resulted in the Mondasians adopting their Z-bomb strategy when they followed on in 1986.

All right, let's recap. What we can say for certain is that there's a definite schism between the Mondasian Cybermen and the spacefarers. That schism may be a class difference, with all the Cybermen we see after 1986 being descended from the more aggressive, zen-less Cybermen who were sent to probe Earth before Mondas blew up. Or the schism may have happened earlier, when Mondas first went on its walkabout. We can't say for sure (and as for how Telos fits into all this, well, we'll be dealing with it later on in the book). But what we know is that at some point after the twenty-sixth century, the Cybermen get hold of time-travel, and one of the first things they try to do is prevent Mondas' destruction.

It appears, then, that the space-pillaging tin men think their Mondasian cousins have a common cause with them. Since the spacefarers of later years are evidently descended from units who had minimal communications and no power-base, and spend centuries on the verge of extinction, we can reasonably suppose that in fact they know next to nothing about Mondas. They assume that the Cybermen of the homeworld were just like them, but they're hugely mistaken. A confrontation between the types we see in "The Tenth Planet" and the types we see in "Silver Nemesis" would unquestionably lead to one side trying to convert / kill the other. (Another similarity with the Daleks. See 4.9, "The Evil of the Daleks". And more controversially, **What's Wrong with Dalek History?** under 3.4, "The Daleks' Master Plan".)

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Good, we've sorted that out. Based on all of this simplest-possible-explanation theorising, we can finish off with a brief timeline. Here we'll be assuming everything we've just assumed, and taking it as read that all the Cybermen seen from "Earthshock" onwards are time-travellers, to some degree. Because we really don't see any other explanation for their behaviour in these stories, but see the essay under 19.6 for our impeccable reasoning.

Eyes down...

The Early Years. Mondas goes wandering off, and the inhabitants are forced to go techno in order to prosper. They become reliant on the power of their planet, except for their spacefarers, who may or may not settle on a planet called Telos and who may or may not be sent ahead when Mondas looks like returning to Earth's solar system.

The 1960s / 1970s: "The Invasion". A small-ish fleet of spacefaring Cybermen makes its first move against Earth. Ultimately, the attack fails.

1986: "The Tenth Planet". Mondas returns to Earth's sphere of influence, apparently in the belief that it can safely drain the world's power rather than blowing itself up. Ultimately, the attack fails.

2030-ish: "The Wheel in Space". Operating from an unspecified off-world base (possibly the same base that launched the "Invasion" invasion, and see **Whatever Happened to Planet 14?** under 6.3 for some guesses), the spacefaring Cybermen build themselves a new fleet. Since all the Mondasian Cybermen are now extinct, from this point on they're the only ones left. A team of redesigned "special ops" Cyberman infiltrate the W3 Space Station, only to find the Doctor waiting for them. Ultimately, the attack fails.

2070: "The Moonbase". Another "special ops" team, another (slight) modification to the suits, another assault on Earth. Ultimately, the attack fails.

The Cyber-War. Evidently the Cybermen move away from Earth and concentrate on other targets after the twenty-first century, because by 2526 they're a threat to cultures all across the galaxy, and they've reproduced themselves to such a degree that Earth has to form an alliance in order to wipe them out.

Time Unspecified: "The Tomb of the Cybermen". Telos is now said to be the legendary planet of the Cybermen, which could mean that it was their base of operations during the twentieth and twenty-first century attacks, or that it was their stronghold during the Cyber-Wars. Actually, this makes a big difference to the dating. It's been roughly five-hundred years since the last time the Cybermen were seen, so it could be either the year 3000-ish (five-hundred years after the Cyber-War, in the same era as "Revenge") or the early 2500s (five centuries since "The Moonbase", if technically 450 years). Bear in mind that although the tomb on Telos is sealed at the end of the story, the fresh-frozen Cyberman reserves *are* woken up by the human expedition to the planet, so if they manage to escape then these could be the ones who cause the Cyber-War in the first place. Either way, the models in suspended animation look something like "special ops" Cybermen, but modified yet again. See 5.1 for more.

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3100-ish: "Revenge of the Cybermen". By now, Voga has followed the example of Mondas and somehow drifted into Earth's solar system. A small unit of standard-issue spacefaring Cybermen, left over from the Cyber-War, finds out about this and tries to blow it up. Though they look a lot like "Invasion" models, for the first time they speak like human beings instead of machines, as well as being capable of human urges like hatred, impatience and... well... revenge. This might suggest that the war-time Cybermen used more human parts than their predecessors, probably running out of resources for the full body-edit. Ultimately, the attack fails.

The Future. By now the Cybermen have become even more bastardised, so that organic parts (mainly jaws, to be honest) can occasionally be glimpsed, and they've developed a wide range of pointless, macho emotions. The units seen in "The Five Doctors" (20.7) come from this part of Cyber-history. But a new era for the race begins when they get hold of somebody else's time-craft, and finally crack time-travel. Using Telos as a base-camp - and now storing the new "bastard" Cybermen in the planet's freezer units, suggesting that the older models have either been destroyed or modified - they hatch a plot to go back to 1986 and prevent Mondas' destruction.

1986, Again: "Attack of the Cybermen". Ultimately, the attack fails.

2526, Again: "Earthshock". The time-craft may have been blown up, but we can safely assume that they kept the technical specs (unless "Attack" is actually the last of the three time-travelling Cyber-stories, from their point of view). The next use of the technology is an assault on Earth at the dawn of the Cyber-War, in an attempt to change the outcome. Ultimately, the attack fails.

1988, Again: "Silver Nemesis". By now the Cybermen's access to time-technology has let them find out everything they need to know about the Doctor, the Doctor's people, and the dirty secrets of the two. Their last gamble, using all the military might at their disposal, is to surround Earth in the late 1980s and seize the Nemesis device. Ultimately, the attack fails.

Hang on, haven't we forgotten something? Oh yeah...

"Rise of the Cybermen" / "The Age of Steel" / "Army of Ghosts" / "Doomsday" (X2.5 / X2.6, X2.12 / X2.13). But parallel universes don't count.

What Do Daleks Eat?

A singular feature of "The Power of the Daleks" is that the Daleks have been dormant for two centuries and yet, when they're re-activated, are never heard to complain that they feel a bit peckish. Their travel machines require a supply of static electricity (provided by cables, showing scant regard for the word "static" and its meaning with regard to electricity), but the Daleks themselves - and let's not forget, in the early stories "Dalek" generally means the inner mutant rather than the machine - are ready for action from the start. Just in case we miss the significance of this, the end of episode one involves a scene in which one of the Daleks is out of its case and scurrying around the ship. When the story ends, the Doctor has overloaded the machines and thereby killed the Daleks within. Why not starve, poison or intoxicate them?

As always when dealing with '60s Dalek stories, we pause to look at the *Dalek Pocketbook and Space-Travellers Guide*. In this we're told that the Daleks grow food by artificial sunlight, and then convert it into a fine powder or dust which the mutants inhale. Obviously their ships would need to have hydroponic gardens aboard, or a Quartermaster Dalek preparing the food for evaporation, possibly fitted with a special gun-arm that has different settings like "whisk", "mince" and "fillet". Were this true, then those humans who sneak aboard Dalek ships might well get coughing fits, but in every other regard it's a nice idea. It just doesn't quite fit what we see on-screen.

If they're inhaling their food, then they must be able to breathe the air wherever they happen to be. Yet we're always given the impression that the travel machines are self-contained. They spend all that time underwater or buried in sand, and happily incinerate jungles without choking. The casing is hardly air-tight (or Ian Chesterton would have suffocated in 1.2, "The Daleks"), so the machinery must have a supply of oxygen - or whatever Daleks need instead of oxygen - and pump it directly into the mutant's body. And if the option to open their vents and chow down on nutrient vapour exists, then their opponents need only introduce some kind of contamination. The nearest thing we see to this is Wester releasing the viral weapon in "Planet of the Daleks" (10.4). The two Dalek scientists whine about having to remain quarantined for the next few centuries, but never hint that they won't still be around afterwards. Evidently they fear that all the non-inoculated Daleks will be vulnerable if the door opens.

So Dalek machines, it would seem, are porous and vulnerable to germs. But they don't mind sand or water getting into the workings, while the massively bumped-up "Time War" models can even float through space without giving it a second thought (X1.13, "The Parting of the Ways"). There's no chance of them asphyxiating, ergo they don't breathe, at least not through anything analogous to a mouth.

Here we should point out that Terry Nation, who latches onto biological warfare as his pet phobia for almost all of his post-Hancock career, never acknowledges that the inner Dalek might be affected by germs. He describes a virus attacking the wiring of Dalek machinery - a throwaway line in "Genesis of the Daleks" (12.4), which Eric Saward uses as what passes for the main plot in "Resurrection of the Daleks" (21.4) - but not killing the snotty little fascists inside the tanks. Rhetorically, the Daleks are a symbol of being cut off from the world, and barricaded from any risk or change. Nation possibly intuited that having them laid low by mumps would weaken them as icons. More likely, he realised that he was already perilously close to getting sued by the estate of H. G. Wells. So the "powdered food" concept was probably an improvised answer to an FAQ, and maybe even David Whitaker's off-the-cuff idea. What other options are there?

Assume for a moment that the Daleks really needed all the food they grew with artificial sunlight on Skaro, the Harvest Festival display which so tempts the Thals in "The Daleks". Assume further that, as organic blobs, they need organic compounds to sustain themselves after a hard day's shouting. One option is processed goo; think of the scene in *RoboCop* where they feed the cyborg on baby-food. The main problem with this idea, aside from the potential silliness of it, is seeing Daleks do long-term things like burying themselves in sand for long periods (as in 2.8, "The Chase") or being wired into spacecraft (which 25.1, "Remembrance of the Daleks", suggests is routine).

"The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9) states that the 'life-force' of a Dalek can be suspended, and this may be what's happening in "Planet of the Daleks", when large numbers of them are frozen on Spiridon. Even if these are specially-trained and reinforced "yogic" Daleks (no wonder they eventually get the hang of levitation...), there's still a snag

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in applying it as a solution to the plot-hole in "Power". Three dormant Daleks turn into an army in a few hours. Either they breed rapidly, which would require nutrients on a larger scale than we see, or the Daleks themselves have been hanging around in vats while waiting for machines to be built for them. There's no sign of this either, but let's not rule anything out in a story which now only exists as a soundtrack and still photos.

All right, so perhaps they feed on radiation. Why do they bother invading planets by means of biological weapons and assault squads, rather than weapons that create massive amounts of fall-out? They may have an appetite for slaves, but a planet is a big place. Mining Bedfordshire is still possible in the short-term after nuking America and Africa, yet we're told that they depopulated all the non-BBC-accented bits of the world with viral bombs (and we note, in light of what we've said above, that they retire to a safe distance before invading). Besides which, the Daleks in "The Daleks" are surprised when they find out they've become dependant on radiation. If radiation is what literally nourishes them, then had no Dalek scientist ever thought to itself "hang on a moment, I haven't eaten anything in years"? Even given their typical scientific blind-spots, this is hard to credit.

The clearest hint we get on-screen is that the organic Daleks feed on static. In the Whitaker / Nation scheme of things, static isn't just large amounts of amperage with no voltage but a moral corruption to be overcome by the gnostic power of mercury (see **What Planet was David Whitaker On?** under 5.7, "The Wheel in Space"). The Dalek 'life-force' somehow *is* static electricity, and this in turn can contaminate others. If we make the common assumption that their guns are also powered by this force, then the symbolism is quite neat. Their life-essence is death to other beings. Of course it means that "Death to the Daleks" (11.3) now miraculously makes even less sense than ever, but we should be used to that by now. And if static and mercury are the keys to the time-travel capabilities of the Daleks and the Doctor respectively, then not only are the Daleks an equal and opposite force to the Doctor but it almost makes sense that crashing into a mercury swamp would immobilise a Dalek spaceship. That's "sense" in the context of David Whitaker stories, not by any other criteria.

This in turn raises the perennial question of whether / how much "Genesis of the Daleks" changes things. The model we're given in the retrofitted origin story is of embryo Kaled mutants with in-growing nutrient sacs, which themselves have an attitude problem. Aside from removing the problem of the Mark III Travel Machine having colostomy bags fitted as standard, it suggests some form of symbiosis. The feeder-unit (as they'd doubtless term it) lives off the wastes and refreshes the nutrition, stretching the Dalek food-dollar even further than Tupperware. The pink goo found by the Doctor in "Destiny of the Daleks" (17.1), and the thing that jumps on his throat in "Genesis", might well be feeder-units rather than mutants per se.

The larger point is that we rarely think of the Daleks as having bodies which have bodily processes, but basically as robots - even Nation thinks this, by 1979 - or like Nazis in films, who never have to go to the toilet.

Why Was a McCrimmon Fighting for the Pretender?

James Robert McCrimmon was last seen in 1746, making a crazed attack on a patrolling Redcoat (6.7, "The War Games"). His fellow Jacobites were also on the run from the vindictive "Butcher" Cumberland and his troops. 3,471 were taken prisoner, of whom 936 were forcibly transported, 221 were banished "outside our dominion", 88 died in prison, 120 were executed (along with 381 English deserters, mainly hanged outside the Tower of London), 1,287 were released, 76 conditionally pardoned and 684 "unknown". The 1747 Second Disarming Act banned the use of bagpipes as a weapon of war, so even if Jamie avoided the more gruesome fates of his fellows-in-arms, he still would've been denied a trade.

This is all terribly interesting, but slightly puzzling. The McCrimmons were indentured, by the curious logic of the clan system, to the McLeods. And the McLeods were pro-government.

Let's assume that you all know about the complicated mess of 1688 and the "Glorious Revolution", which deposed James II three years into his reign. Supporters of the line of James II (Jacobites) were set against supporters of the new Hanoverian dynasty (which started with George I, although George II was on the throne by 1746), and their choices were made as individuals. The Highland Scots, not given to identifying with Scotland as an abstract but only with their clans, didn't always see any advantage in fighting on either side. As non-English-speaking "others", after the fact they became identified with all the faults of the Rebellion, mainly by self-serving Lowlanders looking for scapegoats. At Culloden, brothers might have fought on opposite sides. Cumberland's army was vastly superior in numbers and arms, and better provisioned. Only those who really understood (and cared) why they were fighting remained with the once-unstoppable Jacobites... or those who obeyed their Laird over and above any personal concern for survival or religion.

Jamie McCrimmon doesn't seem to fit into either category. There's never any sign that he cares who's King, or has any noticeable faith, or even speaks more than a few words of Gaelic (except possibly in 4.5, "The Underwater Menace"). Why fight at all? And, if he had to, then why pick a doomed side?

The McCrimmons were *the* pipers. According to one legend, the name derives from "Cremona", the Italian city that was home to Stradivari. It's certainly a fact that many of the basic *piobaireachds* (usually spelled phonetically as "pibroch") are attributed to them. The seminary at Borreraig took in talented apprentices from all over Scotland. The McLeods were based at Dunvegan Castle, up in the tip of Skye. In the '45 Rebellion, Donald Ban McCrimmon was one of the more passionate Jacobites, and his brother Malcolm had been indentured as pipe-instructor-in-chief at Borreraig for two years. Details are sketchy, but it seems that the McLeod was pro-Hanover, and Donald Ban decided that clan loyalty narrowly outweighed religious and political beliefs. Not all the McCrimmons fought, it appears. Certainly many did, and possibly fought harder, preferring death to the dishonour of having disobeyed the Laird.

But a piper was the equivalent of a bugler on the battlefield, and would have been right behind the commanding officer. Aside from merely giving instructions, his job was to motivate the troops and provide a focal-point of clan identity. Jamie's father, named as Donald in "The Highlanders" but possibly not the same one who's mentioned in the histories, is a more likely candidate for the role than his son. We base this theory on two observations. One is that the McCrimmons were trained to focus on their music above all else, even in battle. The other is that we never once see or hear Jamie playing any music at all, except on a transistor radio (6.3, "The Invasion"). He doesn't keep in practice, and doesn't even have his pipes with him at the start of the story, not even a chanter. As we said, they were treated as weapons, and he would have been schooled never to leave his weapon more than a leap and a bound away.

(There's always the possibility that he eschewed clan loyalties altogether. He doesn't seem to have done this in the first episode of "The Highlanders", but he's not as loyal to all of his clan as he is to the Laird as a person. There's another literary precedent, namely Walter Scott's *Waverly*.)

In 1807, Malcolm McCrimmon's family went to Ontario, which is now McCrimmon Central. This was the result of a personality clash with the McLeod. The Act had been repealed in 1782, but the churches attempted to maintain the ban on pipes. In 1782, Jamie - assuming he was born around 1730 - would have been knocking on a bit. Some other career would have been necessary. Farming can't be ruled out, although the Highland Clearances would have meant that any land would have been seized by the government just

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as he was getting established. Many Highlanders upped sticks and went to South Carolina, then a frontier colony. By 1776, any desire to revisit past glories by slaughtering Redcoats would have been amply fulfilled. He could have been a grandfather by then.

Of course, there's no suggestion in "The Highlanders" that Jamie actively fought at Culloden. He speaks about the Prince leaving the field of battle, but this is disputed by his Laird, who was an eye-witness. He could have been in Inverness, where Cumberland's soldiers hacked down anyone who looked like a fugitive soldier and attacked women and children indiscriminately. He could have been in the crofts at the time of the battle, kept out of the way by his parents due to all these mixed loyalties. Such distinctions ceased to matter after a few days, as Charles Stuart did a runner and the Redcoats assumed any Scotsman not in their uniform to be the enemy, their actions making this a self-fulfilling prophecy before long. If religion or clan loyalty hadn't made every McCrimmon a rebel, then this would.

The plot of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, the biggest single influence on "The Highlanders", sees the Jacobites being sold into slavery in Antigua. This is factually sound, although stroppy slaves like Jamie might have been sent to Jamaica (just imagine him joining Toussaint L'Overteur's rebellion...). Then again, a number of them sailed to France, as depicted in Hogarth's satirical painting *The Roast Beef of Old England*. Jamie's descendants might have taken part in *that* Revolution. Those who couldn't settle - most of them, it appears - might have gone on to the French colonies in Louisiana, sold to Jefferson by Napoleon.

Or he might have been shot.

How Many Atlantises Are There?

It's an anomaly that fans love picking over: we have three mutually-exclusive accounts of the eventual fate of a city which probably didn't exist in our world anyway. Atlantis is swallowed by the sea and the survivors adapt to submarine life ("The Underwater Menace"); Atlantis is apparently destroyed by Azal (8.5, "The Daemons"); Atlantis is obliterated 5,500 years ago by Kronos the Chronovore (9.5, "The Time Monster", from the same stable as "The Daemons" and written less than a year later). Add to this the annoying inconsistencies in the Doctor's reported encounters with the Minotaur in this last story and various others (17.3, "The Creature from the Pit"; 17.5, "The Horns of Nimon"; and possibly 6.2, "The Mind Robber"), and it's an epistemological tar-baby.

The earliest account of Atlantis is a sequel. In his book *Critias*, Plato has his lead character describe the ancient enemy of Athens, as mentioned in an account which Critias heard from his granddad, who heard it from Solon, who heard it when he visited Egypt. That bit's important, because it's said to be north and west of "here". If "here" is Athens, then it's where Critias says it is, in the Atlantic Ocean. But if "here" is Thebes, then Atlantis could be Knossos after all. For some reason, the Athenians believed the sea to the west of the Pillars of Herakles to be shallow and clogged with mud. This, claims Critias, is because Atlantis - a city on an island as big as Asia and Africa put together, although bear in mind how small they thought those continents were - was destroyed.

Founded by the ten sons of the titan Atlas and the human woman Cleito, Atlantis was divided into concentric islands and ten provinces. The temples were covered in that wonderful Greek mythological metal orichalc, and the state was more or less a theocracy. In fact, Atlantis before its fall was very close to Plato's suggested Utopia from *The Republic*. Funny, that.

But the account breaks off unexpectedly, as if Plato suddenly had second thoughts. One theory is that he abruptly realised the story he was telling was a garbled version of the Trojan Wars, but a more plausible explanation is that political events in the Greek colony in Sicily made the book a little too risky. *Critias* comes as a follow-on to *Timaeus*, which describes the creation of the universe and the relationship of geometry to morals. (See **What Planet Was David Whitaker On?** under 5.7, "The Wheel In Space", for more on this. And see both 18.2, "Meglos" and 1.5, "The Keys of Marinus" for the mystical properties of dodecahedrons.) So the third part - *Hermocrates* - would have been about resolving the laws of the universe and the laws of humanity, after the cautionary tale of what happened when the Atlanteans forgot their place in the scheme of things and became decadent. Which is to say, it would have been if Plato had bothered.

Given the wonkiness of the Athenians' idea of time, the story could be set at any point before Critias' grandfather heard it. The book takes place circa 425 BC, so fifty years before that it was "a long time ago". They thought in phases rather than dates, and everything after their version of the fall from grace - the beginning of the Silver Age - is assumed to have happened just before the start of writing, in a period which lasted forever and wherein everyone was alive all at once. A bit like *Xena: Warrior Princess*, where Hercules and Julius Caesar can exist at the same time because "history" is one big place where monsters and famous people live. A couple of generations before Plato, about 500 BC, Hecateus of Miletus had the first stab at sorting out the mutually-contradictory accounts of myth and local archive into his *Genealogies*. But they don't mention Atlantis.

Neither did the meticulous accounts of the Egyptians, Persians or Lydians, from whom Herodotus of Halicarnassus (credited with inventing big-H History as we know it) derived much of his material. The assumption was that either it never happened, or it was so long ago that no evidence survived. Herodotus' account is in detail from 716 BC onwards, but starts 22 generations earlier in 1221 BC, with Hercules' grandson King Myrsilus. Everything before this is pure legend, he says, and he refuses to get into all that Trojan Wars business. He talks about werewolves, but not Atlantis.

And so, for those people who believed that the Harmony of the Cosmos provides a guide to life generally, it remained an article of faith that there'd once been a continent in the middle of the Atlantic. By the mid-nineteenth century, people were looking for traces. William Gladstone, whilst Prime Minister, paid for an expedition to scour the sea-bed for clues. In the wake of Schliemann's discovery of Troy (see 3.3, "The Myth Makers"), it seemed a lot more likely. However, the majority of those hitting the books for "proof" were Theosophists (see **Why Was That Portrait in Maxtible's Parlour?** under 4.9, "The Evil of the

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Daleks"), and deployed Atlantis as the lynchpin of wilder, more complex theories. Things described in old books that we can't do now, with all our advanced science? Obviously the Atlanteans took the secret with them when they left.

Ignatius Donnelly's book *Antediluvian World* (1882) lit the blue touch-paper for a whole industry. For table-rappers and fairy-botherers, Atlantis filled the space now occupied by aliens. In a series where aliens pop up regularly, if anything it's odd that Atlantis is mentioned so infrequently in *Doctor Who*. Even *Dan Dare* made a connection between Atlantis and the Venusians, and as we all know, the Treens of Venus were the forerunners of the Daleks. However, when it *does* appear in the series, it's not the New Age version at all.

So we have the "historical" Atlantis, which was probably Knossos-with-knobs-on, and the "Mystic" or "Allegorical" one. The former wasn't the one the Victorians expected to find, once the eruption of Krakatoa made the whole story more plausible, because they seriously expected it to be near Mexico. Which brings us back to Geoffrey Orme.

Despite the Doctor's comments about the local pottery, the Atlantis seen here is manifestly not in the Mediterranean, and nor does it bear much similarity to the Greek / Cretan culture of "The Time Monster". Admittedly there's been several thousand years in which to adapt to their new conditions, abandon Kronos and Poseidon for Amdo-worship, and develop new surgical techniques with help from Polish monomaniacs. The murals in the temple look *slightly* like those of Knossos, although they're more noticeably Chaldean, and some look Phoenecian (the Doctor suggests a North African setting, and this seems to have been the cue for the designers). "Menace"-model Atlantis looks as if it's always been that way, barring a few changes made by Zaroff.

Let's assume for a moment that the two Atlantises are one and the same, but before and after three millennia of fighting to survive at the ocean's floor. After the destruction of the island, the people who'd been too afraid to mention Kronos simply stopped talking about it. The "Menace" tribe is mainly descended from the fugitive Atlanteans, supplemented by lost mariners. They may even be a colony of the original civilisation, displaced to an island which sank at the same time or soon after. So either the fugitives from Atlantis-1 found a safe haven which promptly sank (no wonder they changed their religion), or Atlantis-1 colonised Atlantis-2, and they both sank on the same day. This is unlikely, given that everything between Thera and Gibraltar seems to have got off unscathed. Kronos might have arranged a selective apocalypse for Atlanteans only, but the catastrophe is shown in "The Time Monster" to be merely ("merely"...) a result of the energy released when Kronos escapes. It seems more probable that both Atlantises met separate fates at different times.

We're given a date of 1,500 BC for "The Time Monster". What about the other Atlantis? One theory, originally put about by those Theosophists, is that the sudden absence of a large landmass in the path of the Gulf Stream caused the end of the last ice age and the flourishing of Europe. This would be handy, not least because it tallies with the other events for which the Daemons are credited. The snag here is that the destruction, had it been part of the Daemons' experiment, was less than total. It seems out of character, somehow, for Azal to allow survivors and an undersea escape route. (One possible side-effect is that if it happened in the *Doctor Who* timeline as a result of the Daemons' intervention, then it'd be later than the dates we have for the end of the ice ages in reality.)

The other problem is the presence of iron in "The Underwater Menace", as Bronze Age fugitives shouldn't know about it, and might have difficulty smelting it if they did. Breathable air that far down is just about acceptable, especially if they've got plankton farms, but you've still got to explain all those swords and tridents. Zaroff can't have made that big a change in so short a time. The various other submerged mariners they picked up along the way might have added bits and pieces, although it doesn't look as if they get to make much of a contribution to society. Nevertheless, if they have mines then they must be mining *something*. The same problems with barometric pressure which stopped them inventing the fridge would have caused trouble if they'd gone for any large-scale industrialisation.

We have a get-out here, though; the residents of Atlantis-2 were told about iron by the Daemons, then it all went wrong and their culture was zapped. This might, at a stretch, be connected with Bok's fear of the metal. The rest of Europe figured

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it out centuries later, but Azal had dozed off by then. The people of Atlantis-1 never bothered with that hi-tech malarkey because they had a Chronovore on their case, and got by with crystals and hypnosis.

Which brings us to the last detail we might want to invoke. The culture in "The Time Monster", whilst bearing the influences of Greece, Africa and Egypt, seems not to have been very influential in itself. So their Atlantis may have been under cultural quarantine, thanks to the influence of Kronos. The Daemons wouldn't have allowed their experiment to be contaminated by such a big variable, assuming that they weren't aware of the influences of the Exxilons (11.3, "Death to the Daleks"), Osirians (13.3, "Pyramids of Mars"), Jagaroth (17.2, "City of Death") or Fendahl (15.3, "Image of the Fendahl").

Alternatively, and this is the oddest but most coherent way of resolving things, Atlantis-2 came first; was put on an accelerated-learning course by the Daemons; destroyed when it went wrong; but not *entirely* obliterated. Some refugees made it to Thera and started again, abandoning technology when they came across the Crystal of Kronos, and founded a new society. As the ice age passed and the Mediterranean basin filled, a complex set of trading relationships emerged, and agriculture caught on. The other cultures revered, but kept well away from, Atlantis. The story of the Shining City in the Ocean of the West was preserved (although when the Osirians came along there were other, more important, stories to tell). Kronos was released and the New Atlantis fell, allowing the other cultures to expand and sail across the Mediterranean and Aegean seas, fighting a long war for control of the Dardenelles - the Trojan War, no less - and discovering bronze, gold and writing. Meanwhile, the survivors of Atlantis-2 clung on, adapting to their new troglodytic existence.

Whatever Happened to the USA?

However much the two stories might follow the same "nerds in a cold climate" formula, those who claim that "The Moonbase" is a straightforward rerun of "The Tenth Planet" (4.2) are overlooking one significant difference. Snowcap Base, in 1986, is an international community run by Americans. The Moonbase, in 2070, is an international community where no-one mentions America at all. Once this simple observation is made, the Troughton era (and *Doctor Who* in general) reveals an oddly regular pattern. From the twenty-first century onwards, the future is basically a European affair.

Australia is a big player (5.4, "The Enemy of the World"), and Canada has two of the main T-Mat stations (6.5, "The Seeds of Death"), but it seems that the United States figures somewhere below Denmark in the scheme of things by the mid-2000s. This made a sort of sense in the 1990s, when everyone expected Japan to take over the world, even if Japan doesn't get much of a say in future events either. But now it really *is* the twenty-first century, the disappearance of the USA as the world's leading power looks weirder than ever. In real-world terms, the reason for the absence of Americans (and Russians, up to a point) is obvious; in the midst of the Cold War, to include either would have implied a prediction as to which side would win. '80s stories get around this by giving us a future in which nation-states are never named and all superpowers are interchangeable, but then, the '80s audience was far more comfortable with the idea of a homogenised future than the '60s audience. In the '60s, we still liked to believe we were a self-governing nation.

But we're left with a huge gap in the history of the *Doctor Who* universe. The North American continent will still be inhabited in the years to come, we know that much. Miami has holiday-makers even in 2070, and New York is a major metropolis in the 2150s, at which point the Daleks turn up and destroy it (2.2, "The Dalek Invasion of Earth"). Washington has a regular T-Mat service. So the obvious solution, that someone destroyed the USA for either political or aesthetic reasons, seems a non-starter. There's still some kind of superpower face-off going on in 2084 (21.1, "Warriors of the Deep", although this is often seen as a Pacific Rim conflict), so neither China nor whatever replaced the USSR is in sole charge of the planet. And the various European nations are apparently sovereign states, so there's no collective European government, even if science and transport are unusually well-coordinated. Britain still gives out knighthoods, even to people like Rinberg, the Moonbase's rather inept ground-controller.

Whatever's happened, it clearly hasn't destabilised the world order. A war which could have put Australia in a position of supremacy over the US would have had other consequences, not least for India and Japan, both of which seem to be getting on fine. Given how much of our childhoods were spent listening to people discussing even a comparatively minor conflict like the one in Vietnam, it seems doubtful that the crisis was a war of any magnitude, especially one that's never mentioned again. True, we're dealing with a population that can forget things like London being evacuated because of dinosaurs and Yeti, but those were local problems rather than international face-offs.

The mention of T-Mat brings up another plausible suggestion, that there was some form of plague. America, as an economic power, relies on exports. A virus or atomic contamination could cripple the economy. Whilst this would allow the populace to communicate with the outside world electronically, physical travel would be proscribed. This wouldn't affect most Americans directly, since they're a parochial lot on the whole, but goods traffic would be affected. Wheat supplies would most probably be the first casualty. Note that the T-Mat service is apparently incoming only, and no mention is made of anything *leaving* New York or Washington. Canada and Mexico might also be affected, or have strict border patrols to prevent Yankee wetbacks fleeing the US.

If T-Mat works the way we suggest (see **How Do You Transmit Matter?** under 17.4, "Nightmare of Eden"), then this is going to be a significant problem. If it works any other way, then some form of discriminating filter arrangement could be made (q.v. the use of teleportation to get a virus out of someone's system in 12.5, "Revenge of the Cybermen"), but the people themselves might still be confined. If only for insurance reasons. Alternatively, the contamination might be restricted geographically, and only affect the central region. Coastal locations like Manhattan or Washington (the western state, not necessarily DC) might be free of it.

Whatever happened seems to have removed the Midwest and the Deep South, but left the more - shall we say - *cosmopolitan* areas almost

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unaffected. Is there a correlation between how well-travelled the residents are and how well they withstood whatever-it-was? If it's viral, then perhaps people who had inoculations to go overseas coped better. Admittedly, the places mentioned in *Doctor Who* scripts tend to be the places we'd heard of in '60s Britain, so we have no way of knowing whether Seattle or Austin - both of which became famous rather more recently - escaped the crisis. Yet, from this point of view, the effects of whatever-it-was are equally curious. We'd heard of Kalamazoo and Omaha, Ohio and Iowa, but they aren't ever mentioned. More significant omissions are Chicago and Cleveland. As we mentioned in Volume I, British TV and cinema were swamped with Westerns in the 1950s, and yet none of those iconic names ever crops up in a *Doctor Who* script set after the year 2000.

You'd expect Santa Fe to get a T-Mat terminal for sentimental reasons, if nothing else. Los Angeles is occupied in 2540 (10.3, "Frontier in Space"), and Congressman Brooke gets his face on global TV; he seems to hail from Georgia, but with BBC attempts at American accents, he could be from anywhere.

Another possibility is a meteor strike, although this being *Doctor Who*, we'll assume that "meteor" covers crashing spaceships as well as big rocks. This would have obvious effects on the region that was hit, as well as longer-term meteorological consequences. The Midwest, with its already-fragile ecology, might be devastated for generations. And the change in temperature would affect the entire northern hemisphere. If the meteor hit between August and April, then we could be facing something analogous to the "nuclear winter" scenario, possibly as extreme as the extinction events that wiped out the dinosaurs and teratheria (the big, weird mammals that prevailed until thirteen-million years ago). If global warming were arrested this way, then it'd explain why Bedfordshire is still above sea-level in the twenty-second century ("The Dalek Invasion of Earth", again) even though there's no sign of Iowa.

Or perhaps we're being too apocalyptic. One of the problems with televised SF is that for obvious reasons, the Big Disaster is always given more screen-time than the implications, so let's not fall into the same trap. America could be brought to its knees by force of economics alone, with a little help from new technology. Much of the power of the US lies in the fact that the world runs on oil, and that almost every country on Earth treats the US dollar as the default currency for dealing in the stuff. Notably, the countries which *don't* are the same countries which the modern American administration likes to regard as "evil". Do the future societies we see in the '60s stories run on oil?

Difficult to say, not least because the writers have a fairly loose grip on concepts like "power" and "energy". We know there's a whopping great Suncatcher in "The Enemy of the World". If the West no longer has an oil-based civilisation, then it's easy to imagine the North American economy on a downward spiral. This would have huge consequences for the rest of the globe, but none so terminal that we couldn't end up with the reasonably relaxed sort of society we see in "The Moonbase".

Why does there have to be one single cause for America's decline, though? A number of events may have combined. The San Andreas Fault is almost inevitably going to cause trouble at some stage, so what if Los Angeles is destroyed? What if a tsunami, possibly triggered by seismic activity when Atlantis explodes (4.5, "The Underwater Menace"), it removes the Eastern Seaboard between New York and Miami? The problems caused by a combination of these two events would radically affect America's economic and military clout, even if they were five years apart.

Or it might be any number of much smaller factors, just as no-one can point to a single reason that the Dutch aren't ruling the South Pacific or the British aren't running the planet. Perhaps the US public education system fell apart when they tried bilingual teaching. Perhaps they refused to accept being a bilingual nation and it fell apart *that* way. Perhaps other countries got their acts together and removed the comparative advantage (yes, including Denmark and Ghana... see 2.8, "The Chase"). Perhaps an embargo was placed on the USA after yet another row over global warming, which may seem unlikely in 2006, but we'll see whether things change when we start getting TV pictures of African children dying by the million. Any combination of the above might have done it.

One obvious solution is Balkanisation. Fifty states, with their own legislatures and regulations, can be a bit unwieldy even now. If electronic commerce carries on expanding as it has done over the last seven years, then there's no need for that

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all-important dollar to be the standard currency, whether oil's still the world's favourite commodity or not. E-Bay might make the "United States" irrelevant as a political entity. What the maps in future-set *Doctor Who* stories depict as North America might be a dozen or so smaller states, including Quebec Libre and the Republic of Alaska-Siberia. Utah might revert to being the Mormon territory of Deseret. Nevada might officially belong to the Mob at last.

Yet this still doesn't completely explain why no-one from the former USA is anywhere to be seen outside North America after 2000. If the country's having all these problems, then you'd expect a fair number of refugees. Even a story broadcast in 2005, but set in 2012, failed to resolve the issue: "Dalek" (X1.6) was set in Utah, but not *necessarily* in the USA.

Once we get out into space, there are people with odd mid-Atlantic accents. "The Tomb of the Cybermen" (5.1), "The Space Pirates" (6.6)... and how could we forget Captain Jack, much as we might try to get the thought of his arse-cheeks out of our minds? We might suggest that like the DJ in "Revelation of the Daleks" (22.6), they copied the accent from old recordings, but very very badly. Or if the lunar colony mentioned in "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" is an American-run outpost, then there may be another reason for this. What we hear as questionable attempts at American might actually be authentic Martian, in much the same way that real English accents sound like Australian to Americans. Given that most of the planet's Anglophone population already has a weird intonation which sounds American to British ears but not to Americans, the accent might not even need American settlers in order to spread across the solar system.

One way or another, though, there are simply no "proper" Americans in the future. Even though a Mexican is running Europe, while the Wheel in Space is staffed by human shamrock Oirishmen and girls so Russian that you expect them to travel in a troika drawn by huskies, it's a Yank-free zone. They aren't dead, at least not until 2157, but they aren't where the action is either.

How Did They Do Those Titles?

Most TV title sequences in the early '60s were either edited clips from the programme to come (or at least the pilot episode), or something more image-conscious and mysterious, often using stark graphics. All those Saul Bass titles for Hitchcock movies had made a big impact, and if you were dealing in monochrome - as television did in Britain, even when they made the shows in colour for export - then it was often a concentrated version of the programme to follow. In fact, only *Doctor Who* and *Top of the Pops* ever lived up to their titles within the programme, by using similar images as part of their routine procedure. When Verity Lambert asked designer Bernard Lodge for moving graphics, she doubtless imagined something animated. What she got was something made from television itself, with a bit of what we now think of as fractals but in those days was usually a mistake.

Howl-round is, to put it crudely, feedback from a camera pointed at a monitor showing whatever the camera sees. Any slight "noise" in the image is reiterated and amplified with increasing complexity, until the screen is blank white. By tilting the camera, or zooming in or out, it's possible to make all sorts of pretty patterns. By 1969, those responsible were so good at it that it became the trademark shot of the Pertwee titles. Some of these more practised techniques were tried for the Troughton sequence that was introduced in "The Macra Terror", but similar patterns had turned up in the *Out of the Unknown* episode "Time In Advance" (with the same music used in the "Macra" hypnosis scene, and again in 6.3, "The Invasion"). But this wasn't possible when the original titles were made in 1963, since they were using old cameras with "turrets", four separate lenses. See the essay accompanying "The Reign of Terror" (1.8) for more.

What they *did* have was a vision mixer. This allowed the image received from the camera to be inverted, and turned into its own mirror-image, helpful when doing the Ice Warrior gun effect in Season Five. But the result was never predictable. In the period we're talking about, the facilities didn't exist to record this on video, so each one-off pattern was filmed. Later these snippets could be edited together.

The original patterns were made from the iterations of a flash of light from a pen-torch, exactly like the one the Doctor has on his person in stories like "The Edge of Destruction" (1.3). The owner, Joe Starie, was technical chief at Riverside Studios and had been frustrated by the effect for years. As we mentioned under "An Unearthly Child" (1.1), the 1950s drama *Amahl and the Night Visitors* had used the same technique; indeed, the opening shot from the original *Doctor Who* titles was part of Ben Palmer's work for this.

With a vision mixer, a clever modification can be made. You take two cameras, and point one at the monitor and another at a graphic. Slowly, you introduce the image of the graphic into the mix. So you get the words "DOCTOR WHO", and its mirror-image, then let the feedback fairy work its magic. (If you look carefully, then for a moment you'll see that the word "WHO" is actually "OHO", before they cut back to the original caption.) If you're really smart, then you run the film backwards in the final sequence so that the words distil themselves from the chaos.

During the test-shots, Lodge took some footage of an accident when his assistant Tony Halfpenny wandered in front of the camera while the process was being set up. His face was distorted and made... blobby. Lodge showed it to Lambert, who asked him never to show her anything like it ever again. When Innes Lloyd asked for a revamp, a bit like the original titles but different, they just popped a photo of Patrick Troughton onto the stand in front of the camera and fed the picture into the vision mixer.

How Do You Set a Trap for This Man?

Which is to say, how do you set a trap for someone who doesn't know where he's going? The Doctor, it seems, is the only person who doesn't know where he's going to land. If his enemies' ability to be better-informed than the man himself only affected the end of "The Faceless Ones", then we could dismiss it, but "The Web of Fear" (5.5) is also based on a fiendish plot to ensnare the TARDIS. Or so it appears.

In the next story (4.9, "The Evil of the Daleks"), the Daleks have plans for the Doctor, and not just in any incarnation. They've decided that Jamie is also required, and force Edward Waterfield to lay a set of gumshoe-novel clues for them to find and follow. For this to work, the Daleks had to know well in advance that the Gatwick escapade would happen in the days leading up to the 20th of July, 1966. They even have photos of their prey, taken in completely different times. The shot of Jamie has him dressed in the Highlander garb he wore when he first joined the TARDIS crew, so it must have been taken prior to his putting on rubber in "The Underwater Menace" (4.5). The Doctor is represented by a photo less easy to fix in time, but we happen to know it's from "The Macra Terror" (4.7). Still, the first of these could feasibly have been taken some time later. Jamie reverts to his old style of clothing on occasion, so it could be from around the time of "Fury from the Deep" (5.6) or "The Invasion" (6.3).

And in "The Invasion", the Cybermen inform us that the Doctor and Jamie have been somewhere called Planet 14. So either the Cybermen have been monitoring the same adventures as us, and Planet 14 is their name for (say) Vulcan or the Macra planet, or the Doctor and Jamie have adventures that we never get to see on telly (see also **Was There a Season 6b?** under 22.4, "The Two Doctors", and **Whatever Happened to Planet 14?** under "The Invasion"). If the latter, then the most obvious gap is right before "The Faceless Ones". It would appear that *something* has happened in this time, not least because Jamie is far less scared of girls. Which could, of course, be why the adventure wasn't shown when children were watching. We might also recall that soon after the Doctor changes his appearance, a Dalek reacts to him as if it recognises him (4.3, "The Power of the Daleks").

As you may recall from Volume I, we've had no end of fun and games trying to resolve Dalek chronology anyway. An attempt to sort out the events around their theft of the TARDIS from Gatwick only muddles the situation further. Let's assume they did it the easy way. The Dalek Emperor on Skaro decides that the One They Call the Doc-Tor should be coerced into refining the Human Factor and thus the Dalek Factor, the latter to be mass-produced in aerosol form. To do this, they also need a human who's travelled in time; the Daleks speak as if Jamie's experience is all they're after, yet they also speak as if time-travel does something to the human biology. That something is known and valued by Daleks, most particularly in "Dalek" (X1.6), wherein the DNA of a time-traveller has magical healing properties.

Let's also assume that they specifically want the Second Doctor and Jamie, for some inconceivable reason. If they're smart, then the Daleks will do one of two things. They'll capture the Doctor in later life, and trace his past to find a suitable period in which he's separated from the TARDIS for long enough to be snatched, or they'll scan all of history and weed out all the instances where his sudden absence would cause uncontrollable paradoxes. Funnily enough, at one point the Daleks *do* capture a later Doctor and interrogate him, discovering that he's the same person as their antagonist from the 1960s. We even see photos from "The Faceless Ones" on their mind analysis machine. What's more, these Daleks are time-travellers, and rule Earth in the twenty-second century.

Mmm. Can you see the problem here? Aside from coming from a timeline that was closed off by the Doctor (9.1, "The Day of the Daleks"), the first thing they'd discover would be that they had indeed refined the Dalek Factor, and that in so doing they'd caused a catastrophic civil war. If the Daleks who ran Earth in this version of the future were planning to capture the Doctor and change all of history, then at this point they'd learn that they'd just end up initiating the destruction of Skaro's citadel and (maybe) all of their kind.

So if nothing else, we've established that the Daleks in "Evil" either come from a time before they've got a detailed knowledge of the Doctor's memories, or after something's happened amongst their kind to make them lose the information. Especially since they seem to believe he's an augmented human rather than a different species altogether. The White Daleks vs. Proper Daleks punch-up of "Remembrance of the Daleks" (25.1) might be a contender, particularly if you

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choose to believe that the Emperor in "Evil" is either Davros or a descendant of Davros.

If we're talking about the Daleks scanning space and time, then there's another factor to remember. Just two landings before the Daleks set their trap, the TARDIS scanner suddenly gains the ability to predict where the Ship is going to touch down (at the end of 4.6, "The Moonbase"). TARDIS landings may be unpredictable, but this would seem to anchor it in a specific place and time before it actually gets there. We know the Daleks are capable of tracking the TARDIS as it moves through the thing which isn't yet called the vortex (2.8, "The Chase"). The new, improved scanner unquestionably makes a link between Ship and destination. Are the Daleks capable of detecting that link?

If so, then it might not be much help to them, since it'd only allow them to predict the Doctor's arrival a few minutes before he gets there. Certainly not enough time to set the complex trap we see in "Evil". Yet we have no way of knowing whether they're still bound to those curious rules of time-travel which seem to force travellers to exist "simultaneously" while they're in different parts of history, rules which are obviously in effect in "The Chase". If not, then they might have spotted the scanner-link between the TARDIS and 1966 a long time ago by their "calendar". If so, then it would explain why the Doctor stops using the future-scanner, even though there are obvious advantages in it. The device makes it far too easy for monsters to come and find him.

But there's a solution to this mystery which suggests far more about the nature of the Doctor's travels, and fits the Great Intelligence's methods in "The Web of Fear". We've noted that the TARDIS has recently been settling on two or three "directions" of travel. Earth's environs, no more than three-hundred years in the future; the edges of Britain, no more than three-hundred years in the past; and London, circa 1966. On an absolute cosmic scale, this is rather localised. From the point of view of someone in London in 1966, it looks as if there's a "home" and a very prescribed "away". Something is keeping the TARDIS within specific parameters. Think back to the popular science programmes of fifteen years ago, and that something starts to take on a definite shape.

It's what they call a Strange Attractor. In all the early '90s hoo-hah about Chaos Theory, this idea was presented to us amidst a flurry of business about butterflies and hurricanes and the Mandelbrot Set and virtual reality and Bruce Springsteen causing the 1987 stock-market crash. It's fairly simple to understand on its own terms. Think of a three-dimensional graph, with a continuous line that's able to go to any point in the grid which it hasn't already occupied. It can get close, but not cross itself. Where the line goes next is determined by where it's been last, although not predictably. You can trace the line back to see why it went there, yet not tell in advance that it was going to. A very small change can have very large consequences.

Finally, the line has two focal-points, which it can approach but not touch (one is the start, but there's no determinate end, so the other could be anywhere). Very soon the line will have described a sort of buckled figure-eight, which includes within it all the possible places it could go next. If we assume this to be a 3D representation of the TARDIS's four-dimensional meanderings, at least from the start of the series, then London in 1963 seems to be one of the focal-points. (Anything before this is inadmissible as evidence, since this is the beginning of the Ship's unpredictable behaviour as far as we know.) The Ship has an obvious inhibition about going to exactly the same place and time twice. In attempting to override this, the Doctor has set the TARDIS on a literally Strange journey.

So after a long spell in which Cold War Britain was the one place it couldn't reach, it became the most likely place in which the Ship could land. Ian and Barbara could have sat in the Ship for three years eating bacon-and-egg-flavoured food-bars and got home safely. Moreover, as the Great Intelligence seems to have realised, the Doctor will be back that way again soon. And if it's the 1960s, then it'll probably be the Second Doctor. Patience seems to be a forte of this being, and the whole "web" metaphor works much better if it's a passive capture.

The Daleks are another matter. They've set up base-camp in 1866. The only reason to select Waterfield and Maxtible out of all the time-experimenters in Earth's history seems to be their proximity in time and space to Gatwick in July 1966, unless their mirrors-and-static-electricity device really *is* an astonishing breakthrough in human technology (see the next story). Sending agents

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forwards rather than backwards is more secure with regard to paradoxes and errors. You can send another agent along "after", and fix things with fewer hassles.

But maybe we're expecting them to be too devious. We should remember that "The Evil of the Daleks" was written to be the ultimate end of Dalek history, and if you're trying to make sense of all the later stories (see **What's the Dalek Timeline?** under "The Chase") then it's fairly reasonable to assume that these are far, far future Daleks, especially given the nature of their hierarchy and technology. True, they've got some peculiar ideas about the Doctor's biology. But the Daleks of this era know him of old, and know he *always* turns up to spoil things when they've got a plan. Their agents in 1966 might not have predicted his arrival at all. They might just have set themselves up there, realising that one incarnation or another would turn up eventually. They don't specifically need the Second Doctor or Jamie, but supply Waterfield with files on all the Doctors and all the companions they know about. Note that Waterfield only takes out their photographs *after* his agents have reported their presence at Gatwick, and presumably described them to him.

Or maybe the Daleks drew the Doctor to the '60s with a time vortex magnatron.

Why is That Portrait in Maxtible's Parlour?

So, anyway. Jamie steps into Maxtible's parlour, and with barely a pause to take in the fact that he's been brought back one-hundred years and six weeks, he asks about the picture over the fireplace. The portrait, as we've already been told in an earlier scene, is of the late Mrs Waterfield. Jamie is informed that her daughter looks just like her. So later on, we see Jamie set off - with little or no preparation - to rescue Victoria. The painting's clearly there as bait, and from this rather unconvincing scene it seems that Jamie's fallen for it.

But looking at it carefully, there are a lot of things about this sequence which don't add up. When a girl's described as looking like her mother, it usually either means that she's like her mother was at the same age, or that there's more of a resemblance to the mother than to the father. When people say things like this, they're generally talking to people who've seen one or the other in the flesh. Or they supply more details. Victoria could be weeks old, or even new-born, the way Ruth describes her. From her perplexity at Terrall's behaviour, it's obvious that Ruth isn't in on the plan. Yet she accepts that the picture belongs in this room, and seems used to people asking her about it (as they do, twice in five minutes). It would appear, therefore, that the picture has been there for a while.

Note also that no connection between Mrs Waterfield and Maxtible is ever suggested. She's just Mr Waterfield's late wife, not Ruth's aunt or anything similar. Victoria never calls Maxtible "uncle", as she might have done even if he were a long-established family friend rather than blood-kin. As we've mentioned, in the script there was a scene which suggested that Maxtible deliberately bankrupted Waterfield just so the man and his daughter would move into the mansion. But as we've said, this has an obvious flaw. Waterfield is sitting on a gold-mine with the time-travel antiques racket. In an era when all things electrical were guaranteed a market (we could show you adverts from this period for a company offering to electro-plate the dead in copper), anyone with Waterfield's know-how would be able to make a mint. With a daughter to support, he can't indulge in a costly hobby for its own sake. Waterfield is probably living with Maxtible by choice, then.

Now let's ponder the question of what, exactly, Waterfield and Maxtible were trying to do. Maxtible talks about being fascinated with the idea of travelling through time. This is a rather novel idea for the 1860s, and only Charles Dickens has ever really talked about it before. But *A Christmas Carol* is largely about memory, and the possibilities of the future, not physically existing in an era before your own birth. Any talk of a "fourth dimension" would have to wait until the end of the nineteenth century. What's really odd is that this is trotted out as preamble to a discussion about mirrors. There's no connection between what he says they were trying to do and time-travel, at least, not unless they have precognitive powers and can ask Einstein about it before he's born.

In the spirit of Faraday and Maxwell, you can try it yourself at home. Take a candle and 144 mirrors (those free CDs that AOL hands out might finally have a use), and see what you can do with them. You can send messages, maybe give yourself a suntan, but nothing to do with time-travel really seems practical. Other systems of communication might be possible with a static charge on each one, and you might make either a crude Leyden jar or a spark-generator to jam mobile phones (hooray!). But you're unlikely to pick up, say, a transmission of "The Macra Terror" or coverage of the 2096 Olympics. And don't think we haven't tried.

But there's something mirrors have been used for which *does* involve contacting the past. 1866 was the golden age of spiritualism and seances. Every new technological gizmo was employed to try to prove the continuation of personality beyond death. Telegraphs, photographs and sound equipment were all used. Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas Edison both worked on machines to speak to the deceased, and this was a generation after the fad began in that all-round most mad year of the century, 1848. Many spiritualists used pseudo-scientific methodology to avoid prosecution (the 1753 Witchcraft Act was only repealed in 1951, you may recall), and the processes of tapped messages and darkened rooms had echoes of telegraphs and daguerreotypes. By 1868, there were eminent scientists on the case.

In fact, scientists weren't the real problem for spiritualists. Almost the entire tradition of stage magic, the quintessential Victorian art-form, derived from taking the ritual and flummery of spiritualism and reproducing the effects whilst denying any supernatural aid. Escapology was a legacy of mediums being tied up before each "performance", to show that they weren't moving

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the tables themselves. Performers like John Nevile Maskelyne (who amused Queen Victoria) and David Devant (with or without his "Spirit Wife") began by being as sceptical as anyone in the scientific community, but if anything became even *more* sceptical as science discovered genuine unseen forces.

The dialogue for Maxtible's "144 mirrors" scene invokes James Clerk Maxwell, whose description of electromagnetism usually employed the notion of the "aether", the spectral fluid which was used to explain gravitational attraction before anybody had any better ideas. Aptly, the diagrams he drew show it working in hexagonal spaces, not unlike the Dalek Emperor's palace walls. The scene also mentions Faraday, which is where things get interesting.

Faraday worked his way up from a humble background through self-education and the patronage of Sir Humphrey Davy, and Davy had been a key figure in the Pneumatic Society. That's "pneumatic" as in "pneuma", the Greek for "spirit". Gasses were thought by some to be connected with the supernatural - consider "The Unquiet Dead" (X1.3) - and the search for purer forms of the elements was connected with many fringe radical groups bordering on politics and religion. Joseph Priestley, discoverer of oxygen and inventor of soda-water, had his house destroyed by the kind of mob you expect to see in *Frankenstein* movies. Electricity was suspected by many to be the Life Essence, while one Andrew Crosse claimed to have engendered insects from crystals by application of electrical current. Faraday, in trying to disprove this, became associated with the "heresy".

Faraday thought of himself as a Natural Philosopher, since the term "scientist" only came into use in 1833. He saw no reason to use mathematics to "prove" his work, which is why Maxwell found Faraday's researches a fruitful area for his own theoretical approach. And with his faith underlying his investigations, Faraday found that belief in the aether was unnecessary.

These beliefs were a puzzle to his colleagues and audiences. Yes, audiences; he gave demonstrations that were, in their way, every bit as showbiz as Maskelyne and Devant's performances. (The legacy of these are the Christmas Lectures, in which kids from the audience are given the chance to demonstrate scientific principles in much the same way that volunteers get sawn in half or hypnotised at magic shows. Carl Sagan did his in 1978, and even pulled a rabbit out of a hat.) But Faraday was a Sandemannean. This sect believed that there were spirits at work in the world, affecting the minds of the impure, but that they weren't the spirits of the departed. Faraday devised means by which to disprove the stated achievements of table-tappers and mediums, and he was similarly dismissive of Mesmerism.

Mesmerism was long since past its heyday as the spectacular end to a soiree, and its connections to the radical politics of Revolutionary France were long gone. It was still, however, of interest to a disturbingly high proportion of the audience for Faraday's demonstrations. Mesmer's belief in a "magnetic fluid" that permeated the cosmos, and could be exploited by adepts, ran counter to Faraday's work on more orthodox force-fields. Yet a layman might confuse the two, which is what the Mesmerists seemed to be hoping. The point is that Faraday's antipathy towards these people was due to charlatans making money from believers, and the believers' lack of mental discipline. It certainly wasn't that he didn't believe in spirits himself.

In Faraday's view, force was a constant in the universe because - like mass - only God could create or destroy it. Yet many of those in the Pneumatic society were borderline atheists. Some believed, like the Sandemanneans, that malign spirits occupied the world... and that perhaps the material universe was all corrupt (see **How Buddhist Is This Series?** under 5.2, "The Abominable Snowmen" and **What Planet Was David Whitaker On?** under 5.7, "The Wheel In Space"). The conception we now have of scientists is from a later age than Faraday's. He, and people like Crosse, are more nearly typical than is widely supposed. If Maxtible is capable of Mesmerism, then what else can he do that Faraday dismissed as implausible?

So now we return to the basic question. Was Mrs Waterfield's portrait used as the focal-point for a séance? Was this the true purpose of Maxtible's experiment, and if so, then does his idea of "time-travel" have more to do with bringing back the dead than literally moving from time to time? It resolves a problem we'll have for the next few stories, namely that Victoria doesn't make sense as a maiden of 1866. Anyone who's read any novels from the period, or who knows any history at all,

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will be puzzled by the Waterfield family. A single man with a teenage daughter, who neither remarried nor had any other children, is unlikely. A daughter who drinks coffee at that age, and who later seems quite happy to parade around in the "practical" outfit which so scandalised society in the 1890s ("The Abominable Snowmen"), would be thought of as a near-savage. And we haven't even mentioned the miniskirts.

Victoria seems capable of understanding science and performing basic functions - in "The Ice Warriors" (5.3) she identifies ammonium sulphide as a stink-bomb, while in "Fury from the Deep" (5.6) she can make up microscope slides - as if raised by her father instead of a governess. She seems quite unsuited to any kind of respectable life in her own era. Most young women of breeding and education with low income either became governesses themselves, a task for which she's obviously unsuited, or married well. And even aside from her domestic circumstances, the odds of Victoria meeting a nice young man whilst ensconced in Maxtible's lair are remote. Waterfield seems not to have thought this through, and it takes the Daleks to point out that his daughter is attractive enough to lure Scotsmen into life-threatening situations.

She does, on the other hand, seem entirely the kind of person whom someone conducting a séance might need. The Victorians tended to use young women as mediums, ideally at the point of sexual maturity. In the immediate pre-World War One period, these were the kind of people to whom fairies would appear, according to the Theosophical Society. (This was made up of researchers from the fields of spiritualism, Eastern mysticism and Celtic mythology. People like W. B. Yeats were involved, and some of his poetry reflects this. We'll return to the theosophists later on in this volume.) Many of the most celebrated mediums were almost scandalously uninhibited when under the 'fluence, and were only thought "proper" because they came from respectable backgrounds. Besides, it wasn't them doing it, it was a dead person's essence.

However, the supine state of acceptance which a medium required of herself - and of the participants - made the usual proprieties almost irrelevant. As the style moved from holding hands around a table in a darkened room to experiments conducted with catoptrics and portraits, Waterfield's work with mirrors begins to make as much sense as anything else in a David Whitaker story. The tragedy is that for the rest of her run on the programme, Victoria will be used as a generic snivelly girl companion, whose primary functions are to scream and run away from things. If she'd tried to placate the Cybermen by ceremonially invoking the dead souls of Mondas, then Season Five might have been so much more interesting.

Did Sergeant Pepper Know the Doctor?

In many ways this is a companion-piece to essays found throughout these six volumes, because it's a theme that runs through the entire 26 years we're covering. However, the aspect we're looking at now is very much to do with the summer of 1967, and the crossover of children's literature, popular culture, technology and social history. This is at the core of this present volume. It's a subject for a whole book, but we'll confine ourselves to removing a few knee-jerk reactions and misconceptions that people still have about '60s Britain.

As with most things that are interesting about our country, the story starts around the time of the French Revolution, vintage 1789. Well, apart from the bits which start with our own regicidal revolt in 1649. Let's just say that in the wake of the carnage caused by the Civil War, a lot of people had a vested interest in keeping everyone calm and removing all causes of passion and unrest. "Imagination" was a form of lunacy, and believing in anything unseen and non-divine was an outgrown habit, like burning witches. Philosopher John Locke provided the pieces from which legislators could build a consistent, unified theory of both society and the Laws of the Cosmos, and provided the theoretical justification for a new notion of how children should be raised. Far from being daemonic forces, brought into the world already sinful and needing to be tamed and "saved" (the doctrine of original sin, as taught by the Catholic church), children were all potential; like soft wax, taking impressions from anything they saw or experienced.

So the parent's duty was to expose children to good things, to keep them from bad and to create rational beings, i.e. miniature adults. From this came the idea of kindergartens, and the previously unthinkable concept of books especially for children. So we get all sorts of patronising rhymes like Isaac Watts' "how doth the little busy bee / improve each shining hour...", ending "the Devil doth make work for idle hands to do".

A couple of centuries of this sort of thing resulted in rational adults looking at the world with a spirit of investigation, and realising that Locke didn't entirely do the job. It also resulted in less rational adults rebelling. That old evil "Imagination", and its known associate "Enthusiasm", reared its head as people did what Locke told them to do and looked closely at nature. According to Immanuel Kant and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Nature - with a capital "N" - is something which *inspires*. This is the literal meaning of the word, to insert or foster a spirit. "Spirits" had been notably absent during the Enlightenment, but as investigation revealed that unseen forces had power (see the piece accompanying 4.9, "The Evil of the Daleks"), they made a comeback. Soon, we had a third view of children. They were small angels, who became corrupted by living in this sordid world. The "real" world was Plato's realm of imagined pure forms and spirit.

Our world, according to this line of thinking, only approximates the ideal world when it's untainted by human intervention. There's a word for people who took this view: "Romantics". This is what Shelley and Byron and company were really getting at, and all that business about wearing big shirts and sleeping around was just a consequence. Well, in theory. For our purposes, the major players were William Blake and William Wordsworth. When he was young, Wordsworth was "about" the creation of himself as a subjective consciousness, not an observer of the material world but a witness to the sublime. He also wrote a lot of poems about pure children seeing things we've lost the ability to see, including the spirits of the departed, which is what led the Victorian spiritualists to demand near-children as mediums. *The Sixth Sense* is Wordsworth plus special effects and goo.

The last two centuries, including BBC Television's attempts to cater for family audiences, have been a dialogue between Locke's "blank slate" and Rousseau's view of the child (or the "noble savage") as something more moral and "realistic". One person torn straight down the middle between these two world-views was the Reverend Charles Dodgson, who had to create his altar-ego Lewis Carroll in order to say the things that a priest and logician couldn't say. Alice, in his two most famous books, recites grotesque parodies of Wordsworth and Watts. The characters Sylvie and Bruno, in his less-read (and rather less readable) works, flit between altered states and alternate realities in an orderly four-stage process.

The next half-century would see other people attempting to deal with the complexities of their own lives by writing books for children. There's little point in listing the classics, but they're still around, despite everything that Disney and other such "simplified" versions have done to them. Instead it's worth looking at the way these works process the world, and the symptomatic features

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of this, before we look at what changed in the 1960s.

The first point to make is that people in the outside world stopped discovering new islands and continents, and started settling them instead. Eighteenth-century adventures were about sailing off and seeing new ways of doing things, but later nineteenth-century books were about strange things happening here at home. Yet many of these strange things began in remote, half-known places (and the "success" of the British Raj meant that little bits of fairy-tale design started creeping into ordinary houses, along with tea and chutney). The accretion of objects and habits from across the world meant that the majority of middle-class houses had wild patchworks of styles in their living-rooms.

Look at any British suburb built between 1880 and 1910. Chances are you'll see street-names connected with places across the globe, often recent battles or cities built by the British. If you were poor, then a relative of yours might have fought in a place which sounded as if it had come out of a children's book. The everyday world became a collage of unlikely and surprising things. Any child in this world would have to account for it all somehow, and make up stories to fit it all together.

Meanwhile, parents were respectable. Everyone had a job that consumed the rest of his or her life. Adults were what they looked like. A baker wasn't just someone who made bread; he dressed like a baker, he had a baker's boy to deliver bread on a bicycle, his kids would be bakers' kids, and he'd probably even look like every other baker you'd ever meet, right down to the same moustache and hat. Men had facial hair appropriate to their function, while women wore big dresses and the requisite headwear (anyone who starts to think that Sherlock Holmes can tell far too much from someone's appearance should bear this in mind). We know now that they took off their dignity with their clothes and got up to all sorts of mischief, but from a child's perspective, what you saw was what you got. If you pretended to be something, then you became it, as far as society was concerned.

And if someone in authority said that something was so, then it *was* so, despite the evidence of your own eyes or majority opinion (see also 4.7, "The Macra Terror"). All children try to make sense of the world by constructing systems. If the logical next step of a system runs counter to what the adults say, then the child either ignores the adults or attempts to reconcile the two. Again, Lewis Carroll provides a few dozen examples. Oxtail soup is made from the tails of oxen. Vegetable soup is made from vegetables. If something made from the brains of calves tastes like turtle soup but is cheaper, then it's called mock-turtle soup. So for Alice, it makes sense that a turtle with a calf's head is a Mock Turtle who sings about soup and feels inadequate. In the twentieth century there were any number of real-life examples of this, either from science or the military mindset. And more people will have encountered the latter than ever before.

World War One gave us absurdism (see 1.3, "The Edge of Destruction"), World War Two gave us Spike Milligan. His scripts for *The Goon Show* were probably the nearest we got to a latter-day Lewis Carroll, and also the most accurate statement of how it felt to be stuck on an island in denial about winning a war and losing an empire. A puppet-show using the same characters was broadcast immediately before the first dozen episodes of *Doctor Who*. The generation that grew up with these characters included the people who gave us *Monty Python's Flying Circus* and *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Milligan's generation provided us with most of the children's television of the 1960s, and probably the first ten years' worth of *Doctor Who*.

We'll sum this all up and relate it back to black-and-white *Doctor Who* in a moment, but a quick side-step into Pop Art is needed. This was, despite many recent claims to the contrary, invented in Britain and first came to the world's attention in 1956. Like children, the Pop Artists were trying to make sense of the world by systematising and collating all the gaudy, transient phenomena around them. A great many of the most cherishable works are collages of things categorised under a general heading, "accidentally" allowing subtexts to emerge. Many art-school students formed bands and fed into the cross-pollination of pop and art (see **What Are the Most "Mod" Stories?** under 2.7, "The Space Museum"), and many brought this habit into their work.

You can see it in films by Peter Greenaway, in songs by Ian Dury - the two of them were at college together, and Dury finally makes his posthumous *Doctor Who* debut in the typically Victorian

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"Tooth and Claw" (X2.2) - in poems by Adrian Henri, and in particular in the paintings of their overall mentor, Peter Blake. Blake's *Toyshop* is probably the most potent example, although his most famous work is a collage of photos, waxworks, dolls and live models. It's an album cover, in which four young men dress up as Victorian adults and pose with a ridiculous group of "friends". The album, *Sergeant Pepper* (like you hadn't guessed), contains sound collages, songs about absurd juxtapositions, plus lots of Victoriana and hitherto unimagined noises. Collage, as we'll see in Season Six, is the great creation of the twentieth century but specifically the art-form of the 1960s.

Casual connections between this album and *Doctor Who* abound. Producer George Martin collaborated with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop on a minor hit single. Some of the experiments in sound texture derived from the same sources as those of Brian Hodgson, Delia Derbyshire and the like. In fact, in the era before synthesisers, this approach towards the malleability of taped sound produced far more appealing results than most of the material created by voltage-control technology later on. (The more "organic" sounds made by distressed tape sound less fake, even though they may be completely unfamiliar.) Spike Milligan provided John Lennon with the line "plasticene porters with looking-glass ties" for "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds", and founded the company which employed David Whitaker, Dennis Spooner and Terry Nation; he pointed this out when Nation tried to sue him over a TV sketch involving a Pakistani Dalek. It was partly because of *The Goon Show's* need for sound effects that the Radiophonic Workshop had come into being in the first place.

The whole retro style of 1967 was the culmination of a lot of factors, but it was crystallised by the same event that launched the "Paul is Dead" theory: a minor motorbike incident resulted in Paul McCartney cutting his top lip and deciding to grow a moustache. The next thing you knew, everyone was at it, so you got girls dressing in crocheted shawls and shops called *I Was Kitchener's Valet* or *Granny Takes a Trip*. For the remainder of this book, there are people with odd facial hair wherever the TARDIS lands. In particular, the summer of *Sergeant Pepper* gives us a story set in 1866, and hardly anyone bats an eyelid. In a lot of ways the Doctor has always been part of these traditions, and even dresses like someone from a nineteenth-century novel, but in 1967 it isn't even worth mentioning. It's exactly what every other fantasy TV series is doing these days, even ones by Americans. Why should Victoriana catch on so quickly?

There's a simple reason, although it may be deceptively so. "Psychedelia" is a loaded term these days, and in particular, America's version of it has rather overwhelmed the innocence of what was afoot in '60s Britain. In America there was a very specific political agenda, connected with Vietnam, Civil Rights and a whole load of Jeffersonian ideals. In America you could always go somewhere else, sleep in a teepee, and live as you wished (until the Feds came). Conducting an exorcism on the Pentagon made sense. Here, we were far too busy falling down rabbit-holes. The British tradition of civil disobedience was more private, less showy, and connected with making a previously-occupied space your own. If only temporarily.

Notting Hill, a grubby patch of London next to a market specialising in relics, was turned into the Caribbean for a weekend. The cellars of Covent Garden's fruit 'n' veg market became the venue for the UFO Club, "UFO" meaning "Unidentified Freak Out" (we mentioned this in 3.10, "The War Machines"). Wartime secrecy had guaranteed that there were all kinds of hidden entrances to amazing places right under our noses, which were only revealed in the 1960s (see especially 5.5, "The Web of Fear"). Victorian children's fiction was all about portals to other worlds; the Edwardians made *this* world one of the magic worlds, and asked us to start noticing it.

We had a tradition that the cosmic was to be found by looking inside the everyday, not by journeying off into space. It was that Wordsworth / Carroll thing again, although William Blake got there first. It carries on, via Oscar Wilde, to P. L. Travers (who wrote *Mary Poppins*, yet somehow forgave the Disney people for what they did to it). Transformation came from rereading a space, or as we'd now say, "carnivalising" it. Once you see this as a British tradition, you find it in unlikely places throughout art and literature, from Shakespeare to Joseph Conrad: *Heart of Darkness* is mainly about the narrator reconfiguring a trip down the Thames, just as Lewis Carroll had done. As we saw in Volume I, World War Two pretty much forced

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this approach on Britain (see in particular **Is This About the Blitz?** under 2.2,"The Dalek Invasion of Earth").

Even though the Blitz had ended twenty years earlier, disobedience for its own sake was bracketed with other forms of eccentricity, and the consequences were on your own head. The previous generation had survived through unquestioning compliance. Ridiculing this, as Spike Milligan had done, meant sweeping away everything pre-1956. Victoriana provided a handy benchmark for how far we'd come in a lifetime. The use of Penny Farthings (see 2.7,"The Space Museum") as the all-purpose symbol of pointless tradition is worthy of note. Absurdist playwright N. F. Simpson did it, as did avant-garde theatre-group The Alberts, in their performance-happening *An Evening of British Rubbish*. Do we really have to mention *The Prisoner*? In this light, *Adam Adamant Lives!* is the most inevitable series ever.

And the Victorians were the last generation - if we stretch a point and count everything up to 1913 as "Victorian", which most people do when discussing this subject - to enjoy guilt-free excess and security. The 1920s generation believed they'd "earned it" after World War One, but nobody had come out unscathed. The children born after the Armistice had no time to grow up into carefree adults, thanks to the Depression and World War Two. It was the Baby-Boomers and the smaller, more indulgent families of the 1950s who got the benefit of a life like that of their grandparents.

Of course, another reason for the adoption of Victorian children's fiction as the source of "coded" messages was that these books are themselves littered with cryptic hints of something else going on. For anyone with a 1940s childhood, to suspect that there was more to A. A. Milne or E. Nesbit than they were being told would encourage the closer investigation of the books as adults. It's no coincidence that Pink Floyd's first album was named after the baffling chapter of *The Wind In The Willows* in which Mole and Ratty meet Pan, "Piper at the Gates of Dawn". In conformist 1950s Britain, this sense of secrets being kept from you - of unexplained details left hanging, and the world being stranger than you were allowed to know - wasn't spoken about. Obviously, drugs bores always find ways to "discover" secret messages in anything innocent but odd, yet in cases like *Alice* it was almost too easy.

Smuggling naughty messages onto the radio in pop songs was the same process in reverse, so the whole of popular culture was soon filled with pseudo-Victorian nursery-rhyme ditties about sweets and dreams and rainbows. Some of them actually *were* about these things. In the Tin Pan Alley culture of the previous two decades, anything other than "I Love You Baby" was deemed "novelty" music anyway, so people went for broke. Prior to September 1967, just listening to this music often meant doing something borderline illegal: tuning in to pirate radio stations. Much of the best material from this time openly acknowledges being young as being a member of a secret society.

In the summer of 1967, the centre of pop-music gravity shifted from the three-minute single to the album. Music became less utilitarian, less about up-tempo numbers for the dancefloor or ballads for the lovelorn, and turned into an end in itself. In fact, the album was seen as a "place" as much as a collection of songs, a world made from exotic noises and instruments with a tenuous narrative. Not entirely unlike *Doctor Who*, one might say. That dreaded phrase "concept album" emerged, and once again, a lot of the linking material in these works was "once upon a time" or used overt Victorian fairy-tale references. The rest was collage.

Moreover, this bewildering new world was reducing people - especially those on drugs - to the same condition as children, trying to figure out how everything around them worked. Nostalgia, in all its forms, became the vogue. Children's fiction, especially the nineteenth century's version, provided what education psychologists call an "inscape"; a world-building capacity. A story was a game between author and audience, and might even end differently if the reader / listener didn't participate properly. If the child doesn't clap hands at the relevant point in *Peter Pan*, then there's a risk that Tinkerbell will die. (See 20.5, "Enlightenment"; 6.2, "The Mind Robber"; 6.7, "The War Games"; and 25.4, "The Greatest Show in the Galaxy", to cite only the most obvious comparisons.)

So the Wordsworth tradition of seeing things "they" can't comes right back to the fore, and smashes its way into the pop charts. Once again, there's the sense of trying to contain an energetic and higgledy-piggledy collection. The whole

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emphasis on sound-textures, brought to the party by high-fidelity stereophonic recording and cannabis, meant using techniques hitherto confined to children's novelty records. Or science-fiction movies and fantastical television, which is where we came in.

To be a child in the 1960s was to see everyone else trying to be like you. Dressing up in older people's clothes, painting everything pretty colours, asking awkward questions (especially "why?", as in "The Evil of the Daleks"), giggling at funny noises, playing let's-pretend with a seriousness that nobody over ten would normally do, and inhabiting a world of inherited oddness where everything was mixed up at random. You made sense of it by putting everything into compartments of your own devising, and accepted these as How Things Are. Policemen say "heavenin' hall", catch robbers with stripy jumpers, and have curly moustaches (see "The Invasion", again). Americans wear Stetsons (2.8, "The Chase"). Daleks exterminate everybody. People do what they do not to pay the rent, but as an expression of their inner being, like the puppets and drawings on telly or in books.

Seeing things like these mixed up is funny, but believable. Cybermen and Scotsmen in kilts are equally absurd, and landing on the moon is just as probable as seeing a Red Indian or a White Rabbit with a pocket-watch.

How Buddhist is This Series?

For a programme that's always espoused secular values, and is defiantly in favour of science and investigation but against "revealed truth", it may seem odd that so many stories in *Doctor Who* are Buddhist parables. Buddhism was the first recognised religion mentioned in the series (1.4, "Marco Polo"), after the made-up worship of Orb in "An Unearthly Child" (1.1). Although *we* know that nothing even vaguely resembling an overall plan ever looked likely to threaten the series, it seems to many observers as if the entire show was conceived as a series of koans and homilies on the Eightfold Path and the Four Noble Truths. Only one of the nine producers of the series up to 1989 had any such notion, and he only belatedly thought of actively putting these ideas into the broadcast stories (see 9.5, "The Time Monster" and 11.5, "Planet of the Spiders"). So why does it look so much like a 26-year project to get kids into Zen?

One obvious answer will have occurred to anyone who's reading this after the essays accompanying the two previous stories. Much of what seems like Buddhism to us is actually gothic-romanticism, spiritualism, or Platonism. One might say that all those things are legacies of Plato, and some might point out that since Plato lived at almost the same time as the original Buddha, he may well have been working from the same premise. We think of Greece as being at the edge of Europe, but it's also on the fringe of Asia. Socrates, the mentor of both Plato and Aristotle, taught by questioning rather than lecturing. His dates are close to those usually given for the life of Gautama Siddhartha, the Buddha.

Incidentally, the title "Buddha" basically means "awakened one", and is applied to at least four historical people. All of them were male, despite what you may have gathered from watching *Monkey*. But nine times out of ten, people are referring to Gautama when they say "Buddha". The birthplace claimed for this prince is in the Nepalese foothills of the Himalayas, so really, it was only a quick saunter across the Khyber Pass to Turkey and thence Athens. Both the Socratic tradition and that of later Buddhist teachers involve walking around and asking pointedly cryptic questions.

This leads in one strand to the Western (and, specifically, British) empirical tradition, of observation leading to investigation and investigation leading to discovery. In another direction it leads to the Zen practice of ignoring the ephemeral and outward appearances of things, and stilling the mind. These aren't as antithetical as they might seem, if you start from the premise that nothing in this world is real, that all phenomena are equally significant / trivial, and that all these things are interconnected.

We are, of course, missing something obvious. A lot of people will pick up on "significant" names and images in the *Doctor Who* scripts, and interpret what they see and hear as parables, even when the names are just being used because they sound good. Just as stoners insist on "understanding" that *The Magic Roundabout* is littered with drug references, not every Buddhist story is actually Buddhist. Because we've all heard Barry Letts explaining the thinking behind "Planet of the Spiders", we naturally take any tale with a similar message to be overtly symbolic. Sometimes, as in "Kinda" (19.3), this is openly invited by having the names of the characters appear to spell out a sort of coded message. In fact, since half of these names aren't used on-screen and the message is swamped by four or five other layers of symbolism, finding it is a bit of a challenge.

But as we've said, *Doctor Who* is about empiricism as much as anything else. Revealed truth and blind faith are the tools of the bad guys. Almost all gods or messiahs are the result of a scam (8.5, "The Daemons"), a mistake (14.4, "The Face of Evil"), a folk-memory of an alien visit (15.3, "Image of the Fendahl"), insanity (X1.13, "The Parting of the Ways"), or all of the above (21.5, "Planet of Fire"). Creatures with the powers of gods are either lacking in imagination (3.7, "The Celestial Toymaker"; 6.2, "The Mind Robber"; 20.5, "Enlightenment"; 25.4, "The Greatest Show in the Galaxy"), or keep well away from mortals (9.5, "The Time Monster"). And yet...

...and yet the Doctor proceeds on the assumption that life is sacred, that mind exists independently of physical form, that hope and faith will get him out of impossibly dangerous situations, and that there's a higher law beyond the rules of the material universe. Reverence is built into the programme's core, even if orthodox worship is routinely and vigorously called into question. Of all the major world religions, Buddhism is the one without divine revelation, without worship of a creator and without a real code of practice. There are things you're supposed to refrain from doing in order to avoid getting too caught up in the world, but the descriptions of these are strongly-

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worded hints, more like government health warnings than actual prescriptions.

More pertinently, though, Buddhism is the religion that has the most overt connection with time and space. While Hinduism has led to detailed descriptions of immense periods of time, and Christianity is hung up on "before", "after" and above all "endings", Buddhism is all about a perpetual "now". The version that made the most impact in the West, Zen, is the one in which all actions at a particular point have immediate consequences for the rest of creation. Haiku poetry is mainly concerned with the way the observer's perceptions freeze a moment and yet alter it. In Chinese and Japanese art, the foreground and background aren't distinct but part of a flowing process (possibly a side-effect of the runny paint they use, as all of the work has to be done in one fluid movement). Ikebana, the Japanese floral art, is about the slow decay of plants at different rates; the vase never has quite the same arrangement from one moment to the next.

Theodore Sturgeon, one of SF's wisest analysts, pointed out that about 90% of all "alien" cultures are actually Meiji Japan in drag. He said this before *Star Trek* and its ilk moved that figure to 97%. It follows that all interesting alien religions should have a strong Zen element, plus lots of gongs and funny hats. If all the elements of religion which aren't recognisably attached to a known set of practices end up being associated with Buddhism, then this would make it an attractive template for any non-specific exotic belief-system. With the majority of *Doctor Who* writers being raised in the school system which enshrined Shakespeare and common values as part of the war-effort (see especially what we've said about 18.6,"The Keeper of Traken"), a kind of diet, decaf Neo-Platonism should be lurking in there somewhere.

Which brings us back to Henry Lincoln. As we'll see when picking over the mess of "The Dominators" (6.1), he's hardly a bead-wearing hippy. His interest in the various Gnostic sects and mystical cults is primarily that of a detective on an intriguing case. Yet he and Mervyn Haisman wrote a story in which not only the characters' names, but the use of symbols, can be read as a Buddhist parable. Given that his subsequent career took him in search of other people's coded messages, it'd be surprising if Lincoln didn't find himself inserting a subtext into what's already a curious adventure yarn, wittingly or otherwise. No former actor would give a character a name like "Padmasambhava", unless he had a compelling reason to tell the script editor not to change it. It's not an amusing tongue-twister like "Raxacoricofallapatorius", nor a way of annoying the person who has to type out the scripts like "Slartibartfast". But it *was* the name of a real person.

In the seventh century, the Tibetan king Srongsten Gampo married two Buddhist princesses and founded the city of Lhasa. As a result, the country ended up being run on Buddhist lines. A century later this had changed, and a new king sought sages to restore the nation's faith. One of these, an Indian holy man called Padmasambhava (literally meaning "born from a lotus"), had supernatural powers and could fight off the demons besetting Tibet. Instead he converted them into familiar spirits. With his 25 disciples, he achieved much that's passed into legend; he's credited with writing the Bardo Thodol, usually (erroneously) called *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*.

The people who'd undone King Srongsten's work were priests of the Bon faith, and this has a tradition that the dead are still hanging around the place and causing trouble. The Bardo Thodol is a series of hints on how to die completely, and not be either stuck as a spirit or made to re-sit existence until you get it right. So to have a character of the same name trapped in a decaying body for centuries is a rather grim irony. But the Doctor's purpose in returning is to restore balance. In the rituals of Tibetan Buddhism, two symbols go together. The Vajra, the Diamond or Thunderbolt Sceptre, is the male principle and represents compassion. It's always accompanied by the Ghanta, and as you may have gathered, this is a bell. This represents the female principle of wisdom and impermanence.

Once the Doctor returns this to the monastery, the monks realise they have to change and adapt, while Padmasambhava is able to die and be freed from the grip of Intelligence. The message is clear: this story is about the need for wisdom and compassion when escaping the sorrow and suffering of the world. We may as well point out that the Sanskrit words for these attributes are "Panna" and "Karuna", but we're sure you knew that (see "Kinda").

This is looking cut and dried, yet closer exami-

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nation reveals problems. For a start, the real-world Padmasambhava had a wife and children, who copied down his dictation and buried the Bardo Thodol for others to find. Not an enormous glitch, as naming oneself after a previous sage is a common practice. A graver worry is that this interpretation makes the Doctor the only practising Buddhist in the whole story.

In fact, it's more likely that the writers simply jotted down a couple of names and accumulated a few picturesque details during an afternoon in the British Museum, which is certainly what *we* did when we were researching this piece. The attempt at fitting it into a Buddhist schema doesn't seem forced, but then, we could read it as a Taoist tract and it'd work just as well. [Note: one of the authors of this volume would like to point out that the *other* author demonstrated this by actually doing it, but it went on for ages and you get the general idea.]

So, to conclude. It was inevitable that a children's fantasy series made between 1963 and 1989 would soak up a lot of the half-baked Buddhism around in Britain at the time. More fundamentally, it was unavoidable that a series steeped in the traditions of Victorian children's books - and that older English tradition of nonsense-as-protest, which is there in some of the earliest written works in the language, centuries before Shakespeare - should resemble koans. The use of paradox to reveal mysteries is inherent in a lot of the science education that the series was originally intended to convey. Which means that although there's only one deliberate attempt to make the series a repository of Buddhist wisdom, the same thinking can be found not only in individual instances within the programme's history, but in its overall style and approach.

Of course, if it had set out to enlighten the British Public then it probably would have garbled the message anyway. On the other hand, anyone who thinks that a BBC kid's adventure serial is a bad place to learn the way of Zen doesn't comprehend either of them.

Cultural Primer: Why the *Radio Times*?

Occasionally in this volume, and especially when trying to date stories like "The Ice Warriors", "The Power of the Daleks" (4.3) and "The Invasion" (6.3), we've paused to consider what the relevant issues of the *Radio Times* had to say. To anyone living outside Britain, or even to anyone born in Britain after the 1980s, it might appear strange that we've treated what seems to be nothing more than a TV guide as some kind of Secret Gospel on *Doctor Who*. The most obvious point to make is that before such things were deregulated, the *RT* was the *only* magazine legally able to give detailed listings of programmes on the BBC, so obviously it's the first port of call for anyone who wants to find out how the series was sold to the public. But a more important point is that for much of its existence, the magazine wasn't just a TV guide. It was, like the BBC itself, a form of public service.

As the name suggests, it predates television in Britain. In recent years its desperate attempts to re-brand itself as a family lifestyle publication, with occasional mentions of what's on the radio, have obscured the fact that the magazine's long history is mainly one of calm, patrician respectability punctuated by unexpected bursts of silliness. In a pre-television world, it allowed people to know what their favourite entertainers looked like, and acted as patron to many illustrators on their way to prominence. Anyone trying to follow the radio coverage of the FA Cup final could use the *RT*'s map of Wembley's pitch, sectioned off in a grid, allowing broadcasters to say things like "he's kicked the ball all the way to fourteen!". In wartime it offered advice on health, in conjunction with the Radio Doctor, and its rough, absorbent paper was recyclable in any number of ways.

Quite simply, until the mid-'60s and the comparative decline of radio and the BBC (the two were almost synonymous before the coming of the pirate stations), it was the one weekly publication that every household took. Even today, it's got a higher circulation than any other magazine in the country. So making it onto the front cover was an achievement. By 1963 there'd be two pages for each day's television, then two pages for each day's radio, and at the front of the mag was a selection of jumbled-up highlights from both. 1967's shake-up - which changed the forty-year division of radio into three "Programmes", took BBC2 into full colour, and gave BBC1 the 625-line format - also changed the *Radio Times*. Colour covers, more behind-the-scenes features and a trendy logo masked the real shift. The centre of gravity had moved to television coverage.

What this meant in practice was that *Doctor Who*, being one of the most popular ongoing series, got an article on the preview page whenever there was a new story. Or at the very least, a couple of publicity shots. There'd be an entry from the Doctor's Five-Hundred-Year Diary about each new monster or setting, and best of all from a child's point of view, this was the only place where you could see the monsters in colour. The inside back page was given over to full-page colour photos from popular shows, and in amongst the Monkees and the "cast" of *The Magic Roundabout* were green-hued Ice Warriors and blue-speckled Daleks, or Jamie in full Highlander tartan, or the Cyberman Controller with his big red brain. The *RT* photographer would routinely cover backstage items, and take the stills in the recording-breaks of the first episode of the story. Many of these pictures lay dormant in the archives until *Doctor Who Magazine* made enquiries in the '80s.

For the 1960s viewer, then, the interviews, background features and stills were a way of engaging with the programme when it wasn't on-screen. As the *Radio Times* came through our letterboxes on Thursday mornings, it was an early clue as to what would happen next. The listings might contain detailed accounts of the impending threat to the Doctor's party, delphic rhetorical questions, or a gnomic comment, but - crucially - these were written by the series producer. Any publicity material was cleared or provided by the production-team, although the magazine's editor had the final say. Hence the dispute over William Russell's non-appearance on the cover for "Marco Polo" (1.4).

That's not even half of the magazine's impact on the series. Consider how much of the content seems to have been conceived with publicity in mind. From "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" (2.2) and its protracted chase around recognisable sites in London, to the shots of the first three Doctors standing about in spooky lighting (10.1), there's a case to be made that the most unforgettable moments in the series aren't what happened on-screen but what was reproduced for the magazine (and then copied for Target novelisation covers). We pause here to let you compare the Doctor's pyjama-clad fight with the Sycorax leader in "The Christmas Invasion" (X2.0) with the shiny double-page *Radio Times* illustration, a mocked-up photo

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Cultural Primer: Why the *Radio Times*?

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which captures the scale of it far better than any TV picture could.

This brings us to another crucial point: the existence of "specials". When we think of souvenir issues, no other series has ever had as much effort put into it as *Doctor Who*. In 1973 there was a whole magazine devoted to the tenth anniversary, with sneak previews of unshown stories, and a full chronology with potentially misleading titles for all the Hartnell adventures. Terry Nation wrote a short story, illustrated by *Dan Dare* creator Frank Hampson, and we were even told how to build a Dalek. In 1983 we got another one, with more fannish listings and an interview with the newly-cast Colin Baker (his first in any detail). The difference between these two is telling. The first was meant to be pored over by ten-year-olds, and is thus very collectable; even the anniversary reprint, published thirty years later, seems to glow in the dark. The second special was made to be collected by older fans and, like various others later on, seems rather calculated.

By this stage, a new regime was in charge of the magazine. Whereas it had previously covered weighty issues quite accessibly, and used the week's broadcasts as platforms for in-depth pieces (so, for instance, 1982's centenary of the birth of James Joyce was marked by several programmes and an article by Anthony Burgess explaining why it was so important), it was now about advertising souvenir merchandise. The twenty years after the 1985 reshuffle were a dull time for the magazine, as well as for the series. *Doctor Who* was relegated to "novelty item" status. The 1996 TV Movie coincided with an effort to create - in gallingly mid-'90s speak - a "Cult Zone", where the new "pilot" was covered alongside *The X-Files* and *Red Dwarf*, with a comic-strip which invited comparison with *TV Comic* in the 1960s.

Here in 2006, though, the series is once again front-page news. Since the resurrected *Doctor Who* has become the closest thing in the BBC schedule to true "event" television, every effort has been made to publicise it, to a degree that's now verging on obsession; the 2005 series, the Christmas special and the 2006 series were all marked with whopping pull-out sections, not to mention all the two-page spreads showing us how the Face of Boe works or giving away the climax of "The Girl in the Fireplace" (X2.4). It's significant that when the *Radio Times* finally began to advertise on commercial television, the first of the ads was broadcast in a week when there was a Cyberman on the cover and a free *Doctor Who* sticker album inside.

The magazine itself may now be going through a bad patch - not least because the journalists no longer have to be neutral about the advertised programmes, and can thus spend whole pages spouting badly-thought-out opinions - but its sudden devotion to the series at least makes each issue seem meaningful again, at least fourteen weeks out of 52. *Doctor Who* and the *Radio Times* simply belong together. Only two other BBC offerings have had the same relationship with the programme: *Top of the Pops* and *Blue Peter*. Patrick Troughton shunned publicity, but made a guest appearance as the Doctor on *Blue Peter* and granted interviews to the *RT*. *Top of the Pops* seems to have passed him by, although in his day the two programmes were almost indistinguishable anyway.

What's the Timeline of the Twenty-First Century?

Many fan-commentators have had a crack at this over the years, and several have made a complete pig's ear of it, usually because they insist on including stories which just shouldn't be there. The dating of "The Power of the Daleks" (4.3) is always going to be contentious, but some faux-historians have honestly been known to suggest a twenty-first-century dating for "The Robots of Death" (14.5), even though the author's intention was clearly a setting in the far, far, far, far, *far* future.

Apart from the belated return to the twenty-first century in "Warriors of the Deep" (21.1), any timeline of the 2000s in the *Doctor Who* universe is bound to revolve around four key Troughton-era stories. The trouble is that of "The Moonbase" (4.6), "The Enemy of the World", "The Wheel in Space" (5.7) and "The Seeds of Death" (6.5), only one is positively, definitively dated on-screen. Fortunately, "The Moonbase" is set in 2070 and tells us that the weather-control device on the lunar surface has been there since 2050, a nice mid-point to work from. It means we can start dating the other three by asking ourselves the question, "before or after the gravitron?".

"The Enemy of the World" *has* to be set before 2050. Although in some ways it'd be quite neat to slip it into the chronology at the tail-end of the century, and although the UN seems to have been disbanded by this point (whereas it's in full effect again after the mid-2000s), the story simply doesn't make any sense if it's set in a world that's perfected weather control. The years of famine described in the back-story, not to mention Salamander's rise to power, would have been inconceivable after the founding of the Moonbase. The Suncatacher apparently saved half the world, yet it's small-fry compared to the gravitron's power. In fact, it'd make sense for the gravitron to be a development of the same technology that's pioneered by his earthquake-creating nerds in Australia.

Similarly, "The Seeds of Death" *has* to be set after 2070. Weather control is, again, key. National weather-systems can be controlled with precision by the mid-2000s, but only by a whacking great moon-based gizmo which requires the backing of half the world's governments and has to be constantly monitored to prevent a catastrophe. In "The Seeds of Death", every country seems to have its own desktop-sized weather-control device, complete with easy-to-use handles. Hard to imagine any country giving up this technology in favour of a clunkier, less reliable, more lethal machine which also happens to be in orbit. And of course, there's T-Mat. If T-Mat had existed in 2070, then "The Moonbase" would have ended - rather mercifully - in episode two. It's not abandoned by humans at the end of "Seeds", so its non-appearance in later stories makes sense if it's the late 2000s, given that there are no TV stories set on Earth between 2100 and the Dalek invasion (2.2).

(We note that fandom seems to have settled on a date of around 2085 for "The Seeds of Death", thanks in part to Virgin Publishing, which used that date as part of its "official" future history for *The New Adventures*. *Transit*, for example, is set in the early 2100s and suggests a world one generation on from the T-Mat crisis. The only real voice of dissent is that of Lance Parkin, whose *A History of the Universe* insists on a date of c. 2044, mainly due to a misreading of a single line of dialogue. See our own entry on 6.5 for more.)

Which leaves us with "The Wheel in Space". Apart from the rather primitive nature of space-travel - even if, as we'll see, human *astronomy* seems supernaturally impressive - our best clue that this story takes places before "The Moonbase" is the fact that everybody knows about Cybermen by 2070, yet the highly-trained space-folk on the Wheel have never even heard of them. The various scientific surveys conducted by the Wheel-dwellers would seem to indicate a world pre-gravitron, and we've plumped for a date c. 2030. It could be a few years before or a few years after the events of "The Enemy of the World", which raises the possibility that lifelong over-achievers Zoe Heriot and Ramon Salamander were trained by the same institution.

Good, that's all settled. Time for the timeline. We'll take it as read that we can start *after* 2012, since nothing much seems to change between 2006 and the London Olympics (X2.11, "Fear Her"), despite all that ghosts-and-aliens-everywhere-on-Earth business in 2007...

c. 2025. Yet another time of crisis for humanity, and many believe that nuclear war is both inevitable and imminent (given what we now know, this could just as well be about India and Pakistan as the more familiar East vs. West scenario). The World Zones Authority seems to exist at this point, but perhaps only in its infancy, so its power to sort things out is rather limited. Much of

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the world is, as ever, starving. Fortunately, Salamander's around to "help", so...

c. 2030: "The Enemy of the World". ...within half a decade, the world has stabilised. A time of peace and plenty follows, even if Salamander's secretly plotting to become a global dictator. He's overthrown by a passing look-alike, but the technology that's been developed by his organisation is bound to come in handy (most probably, the UN is re-formed after this crisis). Meanwhile, beyond the gravity-well...

c. 2030: "The Wheel in Space". ...there's an advanced space-programme in effect, with a series of orbital stations assisting in scientific research and exploration. There may be off-world colonies developing within the solar system, given the trouble of the mid-2000s. The Cybermen make a play for Earth, obviously seeing humanity as a threat. Ultimately, the attack fails.

2050. The gravitron's set up on the moon, providing weather control for all. By now the Earth is at peace, or at least, every major nation trusts the Moonbase to point a potentially planet-smashing gravity device at them and not misuse it. However, there seems to be at least one interplanetary conflict in this era, possibly between Earth and one of its new colonies: by 2070, all spaceships are armed, and the Moonbase's controller seriously believes that the Doctor and party might not come directly from the homeworld. It's likely that the first few manned flights beyond the solar system take place in this era (see "The Power of the Daleks"), even if they're painfully slow at this stage.

2070: "The Moonbase". The Cybermen have another go at Earth. Ultimately, the attack fails. The gravitron is still in use, although this sort of centralised control is starting to look like a bit of a liability. But the technology's already moving on...

c. 2080. ...and it's at around this time that everyone gets their own push-button weather-control systems. More importantly, though, this is the era which sees the creation of T-Mat. A moonbase, possibly *the* Moonbase, is turned into a station for beaming cargo around the planet. This has the effect of killing interest in space-travel stone dead, and Earth has no installations beyond the moon for the next decade or so (which, we assume, means that the colonies remain as isolated as they were in 2070).

2084: "Warriors of the Deep". Elsewhere, there's a Cold War going on between two unspecified power-blocs. 'Proton missiles' lie poised and ready beneath the sea, and agents with jack-sockets in their necks - possibly a development of the psychic implants mentioned in "The Wheel in Space" - control the technology. The Silurians try to wipe out humanity, but they're no better at it than the Cybermen.

(Note that some pretend-theorists have tried to question the late-twenty-first-century dating of "The Seeds of Death" by pointing out that the world is at peace during the T-Mat era, whereas there's a Cold War going on in 2084. There is, however, an obvious problem with this argument: the world *isn't* at peace in "The Seeds of Death". International tensions are mentioned, and a cursory look at the T-Mat ops board reveals that the system only covers specific parts of the globe. It's entirely possible that the Cold War involves the billions of people who haven't subscribed to T-Mat, or that T-Mat only services people on one side of the conflict. Besides which, the real Cold War went from "red alert" to "the Russkies are our friends" in less than a decade, so we have no way of knowing whether some of T-Mat's client-nations are recent additions to the roster.)

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c. 2090: "The Seeds of Death". Moonbases are again shown to be a liability, this time by the Ice Warriors. After the crisis, the T-Mat staff get to work on a new system controlled from Earth, while fans of rocketry take this as their cue to begin a new age of interplanetary explanation. We'll see the consequences of this in **What's the Timeline of the Earth Empire?** under 10.3, "Frontier in Space".

One last thing to mention. In "Nighmare of Eden" (17.4), we're told that a company called Galactic Salvage and Insurance was founded in London in 2068, but liquidated in 2096. Leaving aside the suspicion that "Galactic" is a bit of an exaggeration - look, there are real-world companies with names like "Universal Exports", but they don't actually export to the entire universe - this makes sense. 2068 is evidently a time in which spacecraft are prone to attack from both alien marauders and disgruntled colonists. T-Mat would have put the company on the brink of bankruptcy, and the insurance-men would have needed to diversify (in much the same way that the Scottish Widows insurance company doesn't just insure Scottish widows, or the Clerical-Medical company doesn't just insure clerics and medics, as their TV ads keep reminding us).

What finally drove the company into liquidation remains unknown, although it might just have been a glut of claims after the invention of Professor Eldred's "experimental" ion-jet rocket. Or maybe the young Milo Clancey just smashed up too many of his newfangled floaters (6.6, "The Space Pirates").

Was "Yeti-in-a-Loo" the Worst Idea Ever?

Anyone reading these books in sequence will notice that up until "The War Machines" (3.10), we follow the Doctor all over the cosmos and through Earth's history, but rarely spend more than fifteen seconds in contemporary Britain. Now, and for most of Volume III, we see wave upon wave of alien obscenities attempting to violate "home, hearth and reach". The most usual shorthand for this new and radically different approach to *Doctor Who* is Jon Pertwee's statement that a monster in outer space is less incongruous, and therefore less frightening, than "a Yeti sitting on your loo in Tooting Bec". The idea that Yeti need to use lavatories at all is rather disquieting, and finding that you live in Tooting Bec - a part of South London which is, shall we say, not known for its glamorous and cosmopolitan nature - might be a shock for many of us. His point, though, was that the context is more important than the content.

In general, the idea of incongruity is at the heart of how the series has always worked. Elephants in vast spaceships (3.6, "The Ark"), giant matchsticks (2.1, "Planet of Giants"), gramophones in 1066 (2.9, "The Time Meddler"), knitwear-happy schoolteachers on a lunar landscape (2.5, "The Web Planet"), or a police box anywhere other than Dock Green... all of these stick in the mind for the sheer impossibility of the mix. The stories were about people dropped into someone else's world, confronting the Voord or Marco Polo with equal trepidation (and see also **Is This Really About the Blitz?** under 2.2, "The Dalek Invasion of Earth"). Yet this was about the protagonists being placed in another context. The new format we see in "The Web of Fear", on the other hand, sees antagonists being inserted into a recognisably everyday world.

This comes in two basic forms. One has the familiar revealed to be a front for something dangerously alien, while the other slams the alien(s) into the high street or front parlour. The former we'll call the Plastic Daffodil theory, the latter we'll refer to as the Rubber Brontosaurus approach: those who don't already know why we've picked these should consult Volume III, specifically "Terror of the Autons" (8.1) and "Invasion of the Dinosaurs" (11.2), although nothing quite prepares you for the shock of actually seeing them (very different kinds of shock in each case). The Plastic Daffodil theory is a close cousin to the techniques used by film directors to suggest that evil foreigners are at work: first Nazis, then commies, then non-specific malefactors with acronyms like THRUSH or WASTE.

The clearest example, though, is the more overtly symbolic Hitchcock paranoia of *The Birds*. Something apparently everyday has become a threat, and this is made clear by dwelling on it just slightly too long. In "Terror of the Autons", the plastic flower is a menace in visual terms, not just because the Doctor and the Brigadier tell everyone to stay away from it. It's treated by the camera as if it were a time-bomb, and it occupies the space in the story that a weird-looking alien device might usually fill. A similar effect is achieved in the second cliffhanger of "Planet of Giants", when the camera lingers on the sink for longer than it normally would. We know there's a threat to the miniaturised Doctor and Susan, but in every other way it's a functional, bread-and-butter camera shot at the end of a scene in a lab.

And let's not forget the opening shot of the entire series. There's a police box in a junkyard, with the camera gliding slowly towards it. Even without the "spooky" soundtrack, this would be obviously wrong, despite the fact that nothing in the shot is particularly weird. Well, except in the pilot version, when the camera bumps into something.

Defining "sublime" as Immanuel Kant did - "that which hints at a higher order of creation" - might seem silly when discussing Barry Letts, but that's what's going on here. One of the key discoveries of Romanticism / Gothicism was that the Sublime (they gave it a capital and a definite article, like a guitar band) was approached as much through terror as through wonder. The risk that a person witnessing a volcano / thunderstorm / avalanche might not survive is part of what makes it a life-changing experience, just as all true journeys of discovery are one-way, if only emotionally. Which is to say, you don't come back as the same person who left.

Wordsworth claimed a breakthrough simply by wandering in a host of golden daffodils (real ones, this time), and experiencing the same thing he might have experienced while being chased by mountains. Admittedly Wordsworth was a bit of a wuss, but the point still stands: the world is more amazing than it seems, and occasionally lets this become apparent. This is exactly what children want, and it should be given to them as often as possible (see **Did Sergeant Pepper Know the Doctor?** under 5.1, "The Tomb of the Cybermen", for more such parental advice). But as we all know,

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it's a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Many directors, writers and producers of *Doctor Who* rather lazily thought that merely placing something odd in a familiar context was enough.

As still photos or the covers of Target novelisations, it can't be denied that Daleks on Westminster Bridge, Cybermen at St Paul's Cathedral or dinosaurs getting it on outside Marylebone station are iconic, yet as plot developments they're duds. There's no real reason for them to be there, other than to get their photos taken and make a big splash in the *Radio Times*. The Cybermen spend six episodes building up to their big moment, then wait around to get killed (6.3, "The Invasion"). Children expect more: they need a system rather than isolated incidents. The assumption that just saying "look, it's in your street" can cover cheap or inept monsters is something which blights many stories, especially in the early '70s.

The key word in that last sentence is "cheap". With budgetary strictures becoming more important (see **Why Didn't They Just Spend More Money?** under 12.2, "The Ark in Space"), filming in Ealing Broadway was a lot more attractive than turning a quarry into an alien landscape or making dozens of tinfoil bikinis and rubber flippers. By the 1990s, Terrance Dicks was publicly admitting that the Doctor's exile to Earth in 1970 was principally a way of saving cash. Yet, as we saw with "The War Machines", these stories were rarely the lowest-cost option. Barry Letts offset the cost of "The Sea Devils" (9.3) with the studio-bound antics of "The Curse of Peladon" (9.2) and "Carnival of Monsters" (10.2). By 1972, it was obvious that the invasion-of-the-month club was being wound up because audiences had already seen every conceivable nasty in their high streets, and the Brigadier's refusal to believe it each time was starting to look silly. In order for even the Plastic Daffodil approach to work, it has to be used sparingly.

For people who'd been following the series for a while, an even sillier idea was that once the TARDIS had been fixed, the Doctor would bother coming back to this world, this time, this country... again and again and again. Whilst some younger viewers took a while adjusting to the notion that *Doctor Who* could do anything *but* have Yeti in loos, many - especially the parents and the increasingly impatient older children - greeted Philip Hinchcliffe's run as producer in much the same way that the French greeted the GIs in 1944. The programme abruptly returned to its Lambert / Wiles-era roots, even to the point of having the Fourth Doctor act as a mouthpiece for much of the audience by stating that he was bored of running around after soldiers.

"UNIT have had their day," said Hinchcliffe, yet certain dissenting voices still claimed that Rubber Brontosaurus stories were what the series did best. And when Graham Williams was forced to remove the series further from the high streets, the armchair generals of fandom demanded the return of "proper" Pertwee-style stories, even though these were no longer economically or artistically viable. What they *really* wanted was their childhoods back.

This is the real harm that the "Yeti-in-a-loo" theory inflicted on the series: there was a monolithic, uniform conception of how to do *Doctor Who*, what it was "for", that went counter to all the other things it had been before Innes Lloyd's tenure. It became routine for people decrying the "loss of direction" after 1985 to demand a return to this formula. By 1988, the series was being made on videotape with comparatively sophisticated effects technology, and could have achieved exactly the sort of look that everyone in the early '70s had been after. But by this stage, the context into which a Rubber Brontosaurus could have been inserted was less plausible than any monster would have been.

Anyone who talks about "keeping it real" generally has a fairly limited idea of what "real" means, usually quite provincial and uninformed. What we got was Sophie Aldred saying 'wicked' a lot. "Silver Nemesis" (25.3) provides an interesting test-case here. The idea of Nazis, Cybermen or Cromwellian witches fighting the Doctor and Ace on waste-ground where *The Sweeney* might have been filmed is intriguing. All three antagonists at once, in a story where the real alien menace is the Doctor, is walking the "one wrong move and it's a bleeding mess" tightrope but still potentially workable. However, the real flaw isn't the set-up but the (mis)conception of it as a story that's in some way... *modern*.

It's set on the day of transmission, and everyone says so often enough, yet the "reality" against which any one of the villains might have worked is so kitsch as to make the entire project high-camp.

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Windsor Safari Park and American dowagers aren't anyone's idea of humdrum. Two obviously middle-class blokes fresh out of stage-school pretending to be skinheads is embarrassing, not just because of their unconvincing thuggishness but because the idea that they represent normality is so misguided (and the shot of them suspended from a tree wearing only their boxers and bovver-boots is just gratuitously homoerotic). This is the "reality" of a failed sit-com. We might even go as far as to suggest that John Nathan-Turner, having done everything he could to immerse himself in the world of showbiz, honestly couldn't tell the difference between realism and a BBC Christmas celebrity pantomime. Nevertheless, throughout the production and pre-publicity, it was all justified by recourse to the "Yeti-in-a-loo" theory.

How far this story is a product of people with no idea about the world outside television is illustrated by the obvious comparison, "Remembrance of the Daleks" (25.1). Here the "real" world is one removed from most viewers' direct experience, and thus as much an effort of imagination as Killer Clowns or the Glass-Eaters of the Anterides. It helps to include surprise elements from the known world that don't usually get mentioned in stories like these, but it's not always possible: Nathan-Turner vetoed the idea that Ace's pad in "Dragonfire" (24.4) might contain drying laundry, because he didn't believe that people in *Doctor Who* should be seen to possess underwear. So we're allowed Yeti in loos, but not humans, it seems. Nevertheless, the "No Coloureds" scene in "Remembrance" was a conscious effort at making an unfamiliar London plausible on a character level, rather than pointing a camera at a real location and slapping Cybermen in front of it.

Before this, many efforts to combine the vastness of space and time with the familiar and everyday had ended up as disjointed let-downs like "Planet of the Spiders" (11.5) or "The Hand of Fear" (14.2), stories which might have worked if they'd kept the two elements more diligently blended. The alien planets made in studios suffered by comparison with the location filming, and the people inhabiting those planets were described more laboriously than the characters with back-stories we could pick up from clues. That Earth is represented by John Death or Glyn Houston, and the alien worlds by Stephen Thorne or Jenny Laird, is more a symptom of the problem than its cause.

Well-chosen actors, who seem to know why their characters are doing what they do, can make even the shoddiest alien world more real than the England of "Silver Nemesis". But this requires an attitude that *Doctor Who* is worth doing well, and this comes and goes with different directors and producers. The "Yeti-in-a-loo" theory is usually accompanied by the feeling that it's just a kids' show. Certainly, the Rubber Brontosaurus approach comes from the same place as the idea that *Doctor Who* requires a certain style of "*Doctor Who* acting", different from the way someone might act in a cop show or period drama.

And in case you're getting the sense that this is all about The Way TV Was, a more recent and more troubling example: "Fear Her" (X2.11). On paper, it looks like a winner. A typical suburban cul-de-sac, faced with the horror of something that abducts their children, then faced with an even *worse* horror when it turns out that the something-in-question is a child's imagination... this should have been terrifying. From the unscored footage glimpsed on *Doctor Who Confidential*, with contemporary music overlaying the "ordinary" scenes, you'd be forgiven for expecting it to be the high-water-mark of the Plastic Daffodil story.

Unfortunately, the broadcast version has composer Murray Gold forgetting that it's supposed to be about child-snatching terror and providing us with what he thinks is a typical "quirky" *Doctor Who*-like score (it goes "plinkety-plink plonk" while we're watching a man who apparently believes his son to have been taken by a paedophile...), while Edna Dore (as Maeve) forgets that she's meant to be hysterical after witnessing something truly monstrous and provides us with what she thinks is a typical "quirky" *Doctor Who*-like performance. "*Doctor Who* acting" strikes again, and we're not even going to dwell on what Roger Lloyd Pack did six episodes earlier.

Here's the paradox, though. If we define "realism" the way actors, media theorists and people who work in television do, then the Plastic Daffodil approach is the least realistic form of television there is. "Realism" is almost synonymous here with "mimesis", similarity to other programmes or films of its category. The whole point of the Plastic Daffodil school is that it's one category of television pretending to be another. The unease that this format tries to create comes from the way in

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which actors treat what's fundamentally a spy story as if it were a soap opera, while the director shoots ordinary objects or events as if they were alien. It's the sheer mundanity of the Sunday morning at the start of "Survival" (26.4) that's the anomaly, in amongst the crane shots, the spooky music and the knowledge that this is *Doctor Who*. And mundane Sunday mornings are, on the cosmic scale, unusual.

To sum up, then. However well-intentioned the writers and programme-makers may have been, there's no denying that "Yeti-in-a-loo" has been detrimental to the programme. It's justified or motivated cynical and inept stories. It's distorted the public's perception of the series, and constricted the scope of the production-teams. It's led to shoddy direction and acting, and scripts that rely on two or three "money shots", often ending with an explosion instead of a conclusion. Though it may have resulted in many well-remembered images and moments, it's been directly or indirectly responsible for almost all of the worst aspects of the programme not attributable to scene-shifters' disputes, Lime Grove studios or Eric Saward's dialogue. Once it became embedded, it led everyone to expect less. This is criminal.

And looking to the present, we have to remember that the curse of "Yeti-in-a-loo" affects two particular groups more than anyone else: fans, and media types who don't know much about the programme's history but believe what fans tell them. This is important, because these are the two groups most likely to be responsible for the creative input of the series. There's nothing in the "rules" which says that *Doctor Who* is about alien invasions. It lasted for the whole of William Hartnell's tenure, and became one of the best-known "brands" on British television, without a single space-travelling menace landing on twentieth-century Earth. Beyond the three years of the Doctor's exile in the 1970s, only around 13% of "old" stories involve extra-terrestrials trying to take over, blow up or otherwise consume the world, whereas - astonishingly - more than 45% of the episodes made in 2005 and 2006 do[6].

Is this tendency turning *Doctor Who* into a stereotype of itself? There were good reasons for beginning Season X1 with a story like "Rose", and yet there also seems to be a consensus in TV circles that any such series *has* to be rooted in the present-day in order to work. All the available evidence demonstrates that this simply isn't true. Viewers have never been reluctant to accept the alien, but the irony is that now *Doctor Who* has acquired the technology to make Other Worlds seem convincingly Other, it's less prepared to try it than ever. Nor has it escaped our attention that an episode entitled "The Impossible Planet" gives us a world which actually looks more like a lunar landscape from a '70s Gerry Anderson series, and that's just taking the piss.

In part this may be because programme-makers have become rather contemptuous of non-"realistic" science fiction over the years, but in part it's because so many of those now working in the medium only remember one specific version of the way *Doctor Who* is meant to work, to the point of fetishising it. Certainly, all the data suggests that the general public prefers stories like "The End of the World" (X1.2) to routine alien invasion fare, so it isn't about the ratings. "The Christmas Invasion" (X2.0) might have gotten away with it by doing things on a bigger scale than usual, but now the viewers have seen the inevitable Dalek vs. Cyberman punch-up at Canary Wharf - we're supposed to call it "Doomsday" (X2.13), although we'd rather call it "Bundle!!!!!" (X2.13) - it's doubtful they'll be able to put up with it for much longer, in much the same way that it was getting on their nerves by 1972. Turning the London Eye into an alien transmitter was clever. Doing exactly the same thing with Alexandria Palace was just lazy.

On which note, one final point. For many of the people reading this book, 1970s London is as alien as the Isop galaxy. If you were seeing it on the news every day, often on the same kind of filmstock, then there was less of a gulf between footage of an IRA bombing and a tyrannosaurus outside Buckingham Palace. For people growing up in the provinces, stories set in their neck of the woods were more memorable (many Welsh viewers of a certain age are prepared to forgive the borderline racism of 10.5, "The Green Death", purely because it's local). These days, for viewers who *aren't* Welsh, Cardiff has become the 2005 series' baseline of normality. And as if to rub it in, in "Boom Town" (X1.11) we get to see a Slitheen sitting on a toilet while having a girlie chat with a plucky female journalist. It's not meant to be scary, but a character-point.

Does the TARDIS Fly?

The most obvious answer to this is "yeah, why not?". We should remember that in its fully-functional state, a TARDIS is supposed to be able to change into whatever it (or the pilot) feels like, and we have every reason to think that it can take on the properties of the object it's impersonating. At least, if the chameleon circuit's programmed in enough detail to copy the internal workings: the Master's TARDIS makes rocket-noises when disguising itself as a rocket in "Colony in Space" (8.4), so it's not going too far to suggest it might fly when disguising itself as a Concorde in "Time-Flight" (19.7). But that's not what we're asking here. What we mean is... does it actually fly when it takes off? And does it *really* hover when it arrives?

We've seen any number of stories in which the Ship is seen spinning, hurtling or simply sliding through a variety of peculiarly-coloured backdrops. Often we're shown the model police box dangling on a piece of wire against a "space" background, but it's usually assumed that this is some form of nether-realm rather than the material universe. Mind you, that isn't the way David Whitaker saw it. "The Edge of Destruction" (1.3) implies that the Ship is *literally* in space as it goes back through time, although we can pass this off as being a side-effect of the mysterious fast-return switch, never overtly used again for the rest of the series. More interesting is "The Rescue" (2.3), which hints that the TARDIS *does* travel through space in order to get from world to world, but in an invisible, immaterial state. It's this story which first uses the term "materialise", and it means exactly that: to become material, to become solid.

This is particularly striking when you consider that "The Web Planet" (2.5) sees the Ship being dragged from the 'astral plane' by the Animus, and that "The Abominable Snowmen" (5.2) sees a disembodied intelligence manifesting on Earth after meeting an astrally-projecting monk. Up until this point, we might hazard that this 'astral plane' is another form of universe, contingent with the one we know and traversed by the Ship while it's in its non-material form. "The Chase" (2.8) is the first story in which we get a glimpse of this weird, kaleidoscopic realm. Later stories refine the idea somewhat, until it becomes a sort of null-space in the middle of time rather than a whole astral dimension. Thus we end up with the fabled space-time vortex, which often looks like a great big tunnel.

More recently, it's become part of the visual vocabulary of the series for the TARDIS to enter the vortex in a manner not dissimilar to the *USS Enterprise* going into warp-drive, opening a wormhole and squeezing its way through. This has been part of the title sequence ever since the TV Movie, but it's now been incorporated in to the narrative. The Ship's arrival in "The Christmas Invasion" (X2.0) is audible from streets away, even over Noddy Holder bellowing 'it's Chriiiiiiistmaaaaaas' on the radio, in a garage where a car's being cut up (although as only two people seem to hear it, and they're the only ones in the area who know about the Ship's existence, *and* the TARDIS is having technical problems at the time, this may be some sort of telepathic car-alarm rather than a true "noise"). Then it pops into the everyday universe through a ring of blue fire a hundred feet in the air, and spirals to the ground, bumping into things.

Yet this is specifically shown to be a crisis. When the TARDIS is working at its normal level of minimum efficiency, the result of a journey is almost always the same: it "lands" by fading into existence. This is such a well-accepted part of the series that any variation from it is generally thought to be an aberration or a mistake, but there are so many examples of the process going wrong that it's at least worthy of investigation.

Even leaving aside the astrally-minded Animus and Great Intelligence, we find ourselves asking how SOS calls are capable of reaching the Ship in flight (17.3, "The Creature from the Pit" and 13.2, "Planet of Evil"), or how the gravitron can affect something travelling in the fourth and fifth dimensions (4.6, "The Moonbase"). For starters, we might suppose that the navigation system - if not the entire vessel - occasionally pops into material space-time to take bearings, and leaves itself open to exterior forces while it's having a quick sniff around. This "porpoise" model covers almost all the different ways that TARDIS travel has been depicted over the years. But what about those instances where the Ship behaves like a helicopter? What can account for its behaviour at the beginning and end of "Fury from the Deep"? Is it just artistic license, or does the TARDIS actually levitate into the air before vanishing?

If we define "fly" as "resist gravity when fully materialised", then we have many instances of the Ship in what's eventually termed 'hover mode'. This is first identified as an option in "Logopolis" (18.7), but it's glimpsed slightly earlier, at the end of "Warriors' Gate" (18.5). Nor did the idea start in the '80s. Anthony Coburn, the programme's first (offi-

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Does the TARDIS Fly?

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cial) scriptwriter, had no problem with the idea of the TARDIS working like a chopper. His unused script for the second-ever *Doctor Who* story, "The Masters of Luxor", features an extended sequence in which the crewmembers watch a whole alien landscape unfolding on the scanner as the TARDIS floats over the planet's surface (this would, of course, have been virtually unfilmable in 1963). In the rather confused dialogue for "Time-Flight" (19.7), it's suggested that the Ship can sort-of-three-quarter materialise in a holding pattern, and continue to float in the same location - able to see and be seen but not pulled by gravity.

So, the TARDIS has different degrees of materialisation? Here's a thought: since mass affects the shape of space-time, maybe it's easier for a vessel to enter the vortex when it's out of a planet's gravitational pull. In which case, David Whitaker might have been right all along. When we see the Ship dematerialise, it's becoming invisible and intangible, *but* it remains in the normal universe. Unaffected by the pull of the planet (and capable of moving through any awkwardly-placed ceilings), it can then leave the gravity-well altogether, and enter the vortex as soon it's a safe distance away. In fact, this seems to be exactly what's happening during the very first take-off we see, in "An Unearthly Child" (1.1). Here the scanner shows the streets of London outside, getting further and further away until we appear to be in outer space, and we see the same sort of process in reverse at the start of "Colony in Space".

From a storytelling point of view, it's obvious why these two stories play it that way: on both occasions, the programme-makers had to suggest the idea of the TARDIS travelling from one place to another in visual terms. Let's not forget, the Ship hadn't gone anywhere for nearly two years before "Colony", so it was a good way of re-establishing its spaceship credentials for younger members of the audience. But it still looks rather unorthodox to the long-term viewer.

Much the same thing seems to occur in "Fury from the Deep", the only difference being that the TARDIS remains visible. Perhaps due to the same fault which eventually renders it totally *in*visible in "The Invasion" (6.3), or perhaps as a result of the co-ordinate override installed by the Doctor in "The Web of Fear" (5.5). If, indeed, the two events aren't connected. Either way, we're still left with the impression that it's possible for the Ship to materialise in mid-air and automatically soft-land on the nearest stable surface, either visibly or invisibly. One question remains, then. Why did this not happen at the end of "The Rescue", or at the start of "The Curse of Peladon" (9.2)? Both of these stories see the TARDIS land on the edge of a precipice, then fall off.

But the similarity of these two cases is telling, and raises the question of how you define "stable". Both the ledge in 64 AD and the mountainside on Peladon *do* support the weight of the Ship... for a while. We've established that the TARDIS is not, in the usual human sense of the word, intelligent: "The Edge of Destruction" should make that abundantly clear. It may know better than to land in the middle of a volcano, for example, but it doesn't know better than to land near a volcano just a few minutes before an eruption. If it did, then the Doctor wouldn't have to check the readings with every landing. And in "The Wheel in Space" (5.7), it seemingly detects the presence of Cybermen but can't find a way of explaining the problem to its pilot. So it may only be programmed to land on a surface that's stable *now*, not one that's likely to stay solid in the long-term.

One other alternative... let's consider the reason for the erratic landing at the Powell Estate on Christmas Eve, 2006. In 2005's *Children in Need* excerpt (the so-called "Pudsey Cutaway", which we'll spuriously refer to as X1.13.1/2), the newly-regenerated Doctor flips a switch he hasn't used 'for years' - possibly some variation on the fast-return switch, although you'd think he'd know better than to retain this feature in the rebuilt console - and pumps up the Ship's engines beyond their usual capacity. This seems to be the reason for the unusual and rather noisy materialisation.

Now, the gap between "The Web of Fear" and "Fury from the Deep" is just about the only one during Victoria's travels with the Doctor, or at least the only one that comes between stories. If there are any unbroadcast adventures in this era (see **Is There a Season 6b?** under 22.4, "The Two Doctors"), then they might take place during this period. So the Ship might have been returning to Earth at great speed from a distant galaxy and era at the start of "Fury", thanks to the mysterious Pudsey-switch. Certainly, the materialisation sound for this story is out of keeping even with the usual unusual versions heard in Seasons Five and Six. This might seem like a bit of a reach, but whole Missing Adventures have been written on less of a pretext.

What Planet was David Whitaker On?

For someone so instrumental in setting the tone for a series intended to engender a respect for scientific investigation amongst the youth of Britain, David Whitaker seems to know bugger all about science. He doesn't know anything about space-travel, for a start. He seems to think it's possible to project the image from a mirror out into the real world, and thus travel in time. Static electricity is the food of the devil, and can be conducted down wires to do the devil's work. People who've been hypnotised attract metal objects. Most perplexingly, mercury has mystic properties.

This last one is the clue. Let's forget the last five centuries, and think about the state of science in the time of Leonardo da Vinci. There are four elements - earth, air, fire and water - and a bonus element made of an exact mix of all four, the quintessence or adamantine, from which souls and the crystal spheres of the heavens are made. On these spheres are seven worlds: the sun, the moon, and five planets, which are somehow the old Roman gods. These gods / worlds have responsibility for all aspects of human life, and also the various important minerals. Because after two-thousand years of using the attributes of plants and animals for medicinal purposes, and diagnosing diseases through the star-signs connected with those animals, minerals have been brought to the party.

John Gray didn't invent that "Men are from Mars" cackpole. Mars, God of War, is associated with iron and masculinity (which is why the astrological symbol for Mars is used for iron and maleness). Obviously, iron is hard and useful in weapons. Venus and copper might not seem so logical, until you remember that the Greek version of Venus lived on Cyprus, a copper-rich island (which is where the word "copper" comes from). Venus = love = women, so the symbol for copper and female-ness is the same as the symbol for Venus.

Stick with us, because this is going to get even odder. Think about the earliest metals found and used by humanity: tin, copper, lead, silver, gold and iron, plus the two rather more exotic ones, sulphur and mercury. If sulphur is discounted for a moment - well, you know how good astrologers are at discounting things - then you've got one per planet, bearing in mind that the sun and moon count as planets in this system. Now, the heavens are a model in this world-view, a map of how human bodies ought to be if only we weren't corrupted by original sin. Paracelsus, the first person we'd call a "doctor" in the modern sense, had a catchy slogan to sum this up: "As above, so below."

The world grows metals in its womb (and note that in "The Wheel in Space", Duggan speaks of the Cybermats somehow draining the 'life' out of metal rather than just consuming it). All metals are differing combinations of the two basic metals, sulphur and mercury, which are themselves combinations of the four elements and can be made to show their true natures through contact with fire. Mercury is dense and enduring, sulphur is flammable and transient, but if you mix them into cinnabar then all sorts of strange things happen. This is a beginner's trick, and a staple of secondary-school chemistry lessons as well as alchemists' demonstrations. Heat cinnabar, then take sulphur and a bead of mercury. Heat them again, and they take oxygen from the air to recombine and make cinnabar. If you happen to think that air and fire are elements, then it looks like the secret of immortality.

Here we can't help noticing that fire is important in the very first story (we actually meant 1.1, "An Unearthly Child", although it also applies to the Greek creation myth and all the stuff about Prometheus), but more interesting is the alchemists' habit of treating fire as a physical substance instead of a process. The same category-error is inherent in any notion of a "life-force". We'll simply direct you to **What Do Daleks Eat?** under "The Power of the Daleks" (4.3), as well as "The Brain of Morbius" (13.5), "The Talons of Weng-Chiang" (14.6) and "Planet of Fire" (21.5).

Astrologically speaking, mercury is the androgynous metal, and the one connected with communications, trickery and commerce. The Greek version, Hermes, was linked to all sorts of interesting developments around the time of the Renaissance. We still use the word "hermetic" to mean "a seal not to be broken", although that was more to do with the act of taking an oath than with Tupperware. Are we saying that Whitaker intended the Doctor to be some sort of mage, or an agent of a Greek god? Hmm. He certainly renews himself ("The Power of the Daleks"), then adopts a hat and a flute, both symbols of Hermes / Mercury. Then he winds up in a mercury swamp. More to the point, the "counterpart" to mercury - sulphur - is associated with volcanoes. And astrologers would love to believe in a planet called "Vulcan", if only to make their charts work better, which may be why so many people looked

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so hard for one in the late nineteenth century.

Hang on, we hear you say. Surely the Doctor would work for Saturn, God of Time, and take lead as the main magical metal for operating the TARDIS? Well, if everything had been thought through to that extent, then Saturn is probably where the Doctor's home would have been. But then, if you think it through a little more then this is completely wrong, because of the other medical theory doing the rounds before the Enlightenment. If we divide the world into two sets of opposites - hot and cold, wet and dry - then we get four possible combinations. So in the body, there are four liquids, or "humours". The theory states that these ought to be in balance, but aren't, because they're associated with planetary motions and thus your birth-sign.

Ergo, medical diagnosis is a case of asking when you were born and comparing the colour of your urine (or its taste...) to a chart, then deciding which humour is in excess. Born with Mars in the ascendant? You're Sanguine (hot + moist), and some of that extra blood has to be let out. Other options are Choleric (hot + dry), Phlegmatic (cold + moist) and Melancholy (cold + dry), and since these words are still in use to describe personality-types, you can see how the connections were made between human states and celestial influences. Anyone connected with Saturn would be given to solitary study, furious rages and depressions, the hoarding of money, secrets and rare objects, but above all intellectual pride and ambition beyond his grasp. Not quite the Doctor we know, although it's a good match for Prospero, Faustus, Salamander or Theodore Maxtible.

This also accounts for a notable feature of the early years of the series, the refusal of the Doctor to admit to any medical training when he's clearly quite knowledgeable about such things. A doctor was, at this point in history, anyone with a religious training who'd gone on to study further (universities essentially being priest-factories). A medical doctor would read from an old book, probably the Greek physician Galen and almost certainly wrong, whilst a herbalist and a chirurgeon - the man with the knives, usually the local barber - did the actual healing and messy stuff. Hence the "bloodstained" poles outside hairdressers' shops even today, although you probably knew that.

No true doctor would associate with such unpleasant drudgery. Our Doctor would have the opposite problem, a thirst for empirical knowledge of the kind forbidden by the very universities which gave out the degrees. In fields other than medicine, such enquiry wasn't deemed quite so sinful, although it was still deeply suspect. Whitaker is, we find, keeping the protagonist within Renaissance limits. A Doctor of Physic would be a servant of Apollo the Sun God, associated with gold, music, prophesy and... um... shepherds. (Actually, the "Four Humours" theory pops up as late as 7.4, "Inferno". The Doctor asks about Stahlman's liver, intending the remark to refer to his choleric personality rather than any medically-diagnosed jaundice.)

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Consider Theodore Maxtible from "The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9), again. He wants to turn lead into gold. According to the "proper" alchemists, this wasn't about making money, even if Rudolph II of Prague hired John Dee as an official court transmogrifier. It was about the purification of the self. Lead is gold gone slightly wrong, just as we're all fallen angels, apparently (there's a lot more of this sort of stuff in Season Eighteen's listings, in particular 18.6, "The Keeper of Traken"). And like Dee, Maxtible's supernatural agencies came to him via a mirror. Gold, obviously associated with the Sun, is incorruptible and therefore like the pure soul. The method of purifying the ore used to be to heat it in clay - traditionally what humans are made from, and "Adam" means "clay" in Hebrew - until the dross seeped into the container. A more perfect gnostic symbol would be hard to invent.

Did David Whitaker seriously believe any of this? Did he even have the slightest idea what he was saying? Let's not stretch the point, but it's obvious that his instincts as a storyteller were towards a world-view in which justice and the restoration of balance are somehow cosmically ordained. He hearkens back to stories from a pre-scientific age, which doesn't necessarily mean he was an antiquarian, as this sort of thinking was almost standard again in the children's books of the early twentieth century: see **Did Sergeant Pepper Know the Doctor?** under 5.1, "The Tomb of the Cybermen". Pastiches of these were still being published in the 1950s. P. L. Travers, a chum of W. B. Yeats - who seems to have believed in this for real - gave the world Mary Poppins. C. S. Lewis, author of some rather simplistic books on medieval literature, pilfered E. Nesbit to create Narnia. And that, of course, brings us back to the magic wardrobe of the TARDIS (see 6.2, "The Mind Robber", for the full Nesbit influence on the series).

Whitaker is, for the most part, relying on a folk-memory of how children respond to these sorts of stories. In his fictional universe, Earth really is at the centre of creation, and man is the measure of all things. The Daleks are daemonic beings, sent to tempt Faustian scientists. Space consists of the inner solar system, and blowing up a star immediately causes asteroids to shift from their orbits, as if all stars are equidistant from Earth on a crystal sphere pushed by angels.

But before we forget him completely, let's bear in mind that it was Terry Nation who brought all of this up, with his use of mercury in the script for "The Daleks" (1.2). Although he was probably thinking about the mercury tumbler-switches used in wartime bombs, which completed a circuit when tilted to allow the liquid metal into contact with the terminals.

When Did the Doctor Get His Second Heart?

Although some have claimed that a second heart has "always" been an important part of the mythology of *Doctor Who*, we're not actually told about the Doctor's unusual cardiovascular set-up until "Spearhead from Space" (7.1). He's not noticeably surprised by the findings of the doctors at Ashbridge Cottage Hospital, either. And when the Master arrives, a year later, he discusses the Doctor's multiple hearts as though this were normal for their species (e.g. 8.2, "The Mind of Evil"). Later stories involving the Doctor's fellow time-travellers make a big deal out of the idea (17.1, "Destiny of the Daleks", in which Romana speaks of 'one for everyday, one for best'; 16.6, "The Armageddon Factor", in which Drax crosses both of them; 15.6, "The Invasion of Time", 'his hearts are in the right places'; and so on). Where the Doctor comes from, everyone has two hearts, end of story.

So it comes as a bit of a surprise to see Dr Gemma Corwyn examine his chest in "The Wheel in Space" (5.7) and find nothing remarkable. She listens to both sides, but doesn't even raise an eyebrow. She doesn't immediately announce an Easy Yellow alert because of alien infiltration and possible biohazard, she just lets him flirt mildly. Arguably he can briefly stop one of his hearts to avoid awkward questions, yet in at least three previous stories he's examined whilst unconscious, as he was when Gemma first checked him up. (Those three are 1.3, "The Edge of Destruction"; 4.2, "The Tenth Planet"; and 4.9, "The Evil of the Daleks".)

It's often been suggested that the spare heart arrived during the transformation from the Hartnell version to the Troughton version, the theory being that the Doctor's people get an all-round bodily upgrade when they regenerate / rejuvenate / renew themselves for the first time. This became a kind of "alternative consensus" in the 1990s, when the theory somehow found its way into print thanks to John Peel, and thereafter migrated into the Virgin novels (see, most blatantly, *The Man in the Velvet Mask*). But on-screen evidence suggests that it has to happen at some point between "The Wheel in Space" and "Spearhead from Space".

Besides, the First Doctor is medically rather odd anyway. He can survive a deep-freeze process with no ill-effects other than a bout of rheumatism (2.7, "The Space Museum"), plus accelerated brain-function, strangely. His teeth are human-normal (3.8, "The Gunfighters"), but he can survive the Dalek time-destructor (3.4, "The Daleks' Master Plan"). After a while, formally announcing that he isn't human - or, at the very least, that he isn't 'from Earth' (4.9, "The Evil of the Daleks") - simply provides a practical reason for this.

And it's led to speculation about other biological oddities. In "State of Decay" (18.4), Tom Baker's insistence on giving the Doctor every alien quirk imaginable raised the possibility of there being literally blue blood in his veins, so it was a matter of some debate when the Doctor bled the red stuff in "The Two Doctors" (22.4). Similarly, the presence or absence of a navel has been held to be the proof of parthenogenesis or a biological mother: Eccleston's belly-button in "Dalek" (X1.6) reopened the "half-human" debate from the McGann TV Movie (27.0). Never has the phrase "navel-gazing" been more apt. A further whimsical suggestion by some fans is that the increased blood-pressure caused by physical exertion causes a slight ballooning of the Doctor's head, which is why he looks like Terry Walsh in an oversized wig whenever he gets into a fight.

The first time anyone with two hearts is described in the series is in "The Dominators". The Dulcians have this arrangement, and the Dominators accept it as normal, while Jamie's single heart is treated as an anomaly. Frustratingly, the Doctor isn't medically examined but made to sit intelligence tests. The next story, "The Mind Robber", is the last time anyone treats his ageless state as a side-effect of his unique status as a time-traveller rather than as a medical condition. From this point on, it's routinely assumed that the Doctor is biologically different. He can survive the Martian seed-pods (6.5, "The Seeds of Death") and go without oxygen for longer than most (6.6, "The Space Pirates"). The latter story also hints that he can suspend his bodily processes as needed to survive rocket take-offs.

Note that the Doctor's companions don't tend to treat his kith and kin as anything other than particularly advanced humans, and generally don't know that the Doctor himself is anything other than a human who happens to be very old. Once again, in "The Evil of the Daleks" it's his place of birth that's important, not his species. If at any stage he *deliberately* took time out to rearrange his internal organs, then it must have been in the middle of an otherwise ordinary day, without his friends noticing. The most likely occasion, out of all his on-screen adventures, is when he's unconscious for an hour or so on the moon ("The Seeds

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of Death"). Gassed by an alien fungus that would have killed most people, he's revived by stifling heat, and less than two hours later he's running around zapping Ice Warriors.

No, it doesn't sound very likely, does it? Some might see this as evidence of a "Season 6b", a run of unseen stories shoved between Season Six and Season Seven, and see the essay under "The Two Doctors" for more on this. But that doesn't add up either. Did his own people give him the second heart, after catching up with him in "The War Games" (6.7)? If so, then why?

Perhaps by assuming that he started out with one heart, and then grew a second, we've got everything the wrong way around. Remember, everyone else from his planet seems to have two fitted as standard. So the most logical conclusion is that the Doctor lost his "spare" a long time ago, but somehow got it back again. This is particularly compelling in the light of the later spin-off novels, which describe the second heart as an organ specifically designed to link the Doctor to his homeworld. Compare this with the severed telepathic link described in "The Invisible Enemy" (17.2), another biological function that withered once he abandoned his people.

If this is the case, then the extra heart may have atrophied after he "borrowed" the TARDIS and turned his back on his own world. It may not be a coincidence that we hear about the spare *immediately* after he returns home for the first time. Perhaps he's not simply "fixed" by his people, but physically rooted in their culture again, biologically brought back in line with their society. Which would explain why he isn't surprised by his re-acquisition, anyway.

Who Was the Master of the Land of Fiction?

It's obvious that the chief villain of "The Mind Robber" is intended to recall Frank Richards (1876-1961), creator of the mysteriously popular Billy Bunter stories, which ran in *The Magnet* seemingly forever before being reprinted in book form and becoming the source of a popular early TV series. Richards, real name Charles Hamilton, wore a skull-cap much like the Master's (only without the little horns) and was notoriously prolific. He's reckoned to have written 75,000,000 words, many of them "yaroo!". The BBC was reluctant to let the *Doctor Who* team parody him directly after the legal drubbing they'd had with Gerald the Schoolboy (see 3.7, "The Celestial Toymaker"), so an unnamed writer and a fictitious paper called *The Ensign* were invented.

Just one snag: Jack Harkaway, supposedly the Master of the Land of Fiction's greatest creation, was the name of a real Boy's Adventure serial in a real paper. The publication was called *Boys of England*, and ran from 1866 until the death of the publisher, Edwin J. Brett of Fleet Street. Thereafter, Jack and his offspring continued in their own paper for eighteen months, before moving to *Up-to-Date Boys* until 1901 and finally bowing out at the end of the Boer War. Jack began his adventures in 1871 as a rebellious schoolboy, joined the navy, beat up foreigners, went to Oxford, avenged murders, won every sport, married his childhood sweetheart Emily, travelled the world and had an equally plucky son, also called Jack.

Their creator, J. Bracebridge Hemyng (1829-1904), was almost as remarkable as his vigorous heroes. He was a barrister of Middle Temple, and a contributor to the groundbreaking social survey *London Labour and the London Poor*, paying his way through his legal apprenticeship with serials and a few novels. The Boy's Adventure market was opening up rapidly when he began his cheerfully amoral tales. Along the way he also wrote his most notable book, *The London Commune*, a near-future satire about the attempts of Londoners to emulate the Paris Commune. It is usually seen as rather reactionary and anti-working class, but more than anything it's a Pooterish "Little Englander" view of anything French being automatically suspect.

Hemyng set off to make his fortune in California, and Jack Harkaway followed, although in-between tales Brett had commissioned other writers to continue Jack's adventures. Hence his simultaneous exploits in different countries. There were vivid illustrations of the gory bits (cannibals and crocodiles feature prominently), there was violence against non-British women described at length, and there was the promise of unlimited adventure overseas: meeting old school adversaries and villainous ethnic stereotypes, as well as chums whose misfortune it was to be foreign. Jack was as popular as Harry Potter, and just as tragically relevant to his time. The Doctor certainly seems to have heard of him.

Slam-dunk. Well, not quite. The Master says he fell asleep in 1926, long after Hemyng died. He not only knows about zer Karkus, an Austrian-accented muscleman from the year 2000, but also about robots and computers. Even if we assume that he's picked up a lot of this from the master-brain's library, he appears to have a more instinctive grasp of mid-twentieth-century science-fiction concepts than we might expect.

We should note that this sort of paper wasn't as far-removed from the time of broadcast as all that. *John Bull*, one of the last to be founded, was still around in the late 1950s. And its last editor was Robert Holmes, who'll join us later in Season Six and be with us for the rest of these volumes. *The Eagle* may have been a step towards picture-led strip cartoons, but it still had prose stories, including one about a boarding school. Peter Ling wrote this whilst head of the children's department at Associate Rediffusion. So the Master could have been taken as late as 1955, and made to forget everything since 1926, although *why* the computer would do this is another matter.

These days, another possibility occurs to us. What if the Master picked up some of his ideas about the future from a swashbuckling time-traveller? The twenty-first century series provides us with the suspiciously-named Captain Jack Hark*ness*, who isn't above a bit of self-mythologising...

Whatever Happened to Planet 14?

It is, if nothing else, proof that the Second Doctor runs around having adventures when we're not looking. According to the computer-brain in "The Invasion", both the Doctor and Jamie are known to the Cybermen, having been recognised from 'Planet 14'. Since the computer makes this identification after seeing photographs, rather than by scanning their auras or hearing stories about a mysterious traveller in a blue box, the Doctor's adventures on this mysterious planet *must* have taken place during his present incarnation.

The first question we'll ask, before getting on to more important matters, is "when?". The Doctor has notes from an apparent unseen encounter with the Cybermen in "The Tomb of the Cybermen" (5.1), yet these obviously relate to something that happened a long time ago, at least by *his* calendar. (Feasibly, the sketch of a Cybermat could have been made from a library book back on his own planet, especially since he's never seen to draw portraits of monsters during any of his recorded travels. But either way, the notes aren't the result of a recent confrontation.) There are a couple of gaps for "lost" adventures between stories in Seasons Five and Six, and of course, there's always the lurking suggestion of unseen escapades between "The War Games" (6.7) and "Spearhead from Space" (7.1). In which case, the Cybermen might recognise him from an adventure he hasn't had yet, which seems to be within the rules of time-travel.

A much bigger question is when this adventure took place in terms of Anno Domini. "The Invasion" is set in (let's be vague) the 1970s. The Cybermen here blatantly aren't time-travellers, as those in the '80s stories seem to be. So by the late twentieth century, the Cybermen are obviously mooching around on planets other than Earth.

And this might be seen as a little odd, because from what we see in other tales, the race doesn't start to spread across the galaxy until well after the 2000s. We invite you to look at **What's the Cyberman Timeline?** under "The Tenth Planet" (4.2), and judge the evidence for yourselves. Although it's true that the twenty-first century Cybermen in "The Wheel in Space" (5.7) supposedly have the ability to skip between galaxies in the blink of an eye, we have to assume that this is simply because David Whitaker doesn't really know what a galaxy is. In all other respects, the Cyber-vessels in the story are described as clod-hopping, short-range affairs. The same goes for the forces in "The Invasion", "The Tenth Planet" and "The Moonbase" (4.6). All the internal evidence suggests that the Cybermen haven't yet perfected interstellar travel, and yet before 1970-whatever-it-is, they've met the Doctor on a planet which surely *can't* be within Earth's solar system. Can it?

Wait a minute, let's go back and listen to "The Tenth Planet" again. Here, Earth's twin-world of Mondas is described as wandering out of its natural orbit and going off to 'the edge of space'. Although this peculiar journey may have been caused by something the inhabitants did - a la *The Day the Earth Caught Fire* - it's clear that it wasn't a wilful decision by the natives, who were forced to become Cybermen as a result. So although they might eventually have developed some sort of planetary steering-system to put Mondas back in its rightful place, as "Attack of the Cybermen" (22.1) suggests, it didn't leave its orbit via a warp-drive or a whopping great hyperspace link. It just... toddled off. Slowly. To the edge of space.

What does 'the edge of space' mean, exactly? Clearly not the edge of the universe (it probably doesn't have one even in the *Doctor Who* dimension), or even the edge of the galaxy, as this would have taken vastly longer than the hundreds of thousands of years implied by the story. Actually, it would have taken longer than that just for the planet to drift as far as the nearest star-system to Earth's. Ergo, it's likely that 'the edge of space' means the edge of *local* space, the edge of our solar system. In other words, Mondas has been within rocket-range of our sun all the time. Why didn't we see it...? Well, since "The Tenth Planet" describes it appearing out of nowhere when it's within spitting-distance of Earth, we've already assumed that it has some sort of - excuse us - "cloaking device". Masking its gravitational pull would be harder, yet even so, there's clearly a form of camouflage at work.

Hold it! What about Telos? By now we've established that at *some* point prior to 1986, a bunch of Cybermen left Mondas to set up an independent "community" elsewhere, eventually building themselves a big freezing city on Telos. But if Mondas only got as far as the edge of the solar system, and the Cybermen couldn't do much more than hop from one world to another, then Telos would have to be one of our own sun's out-

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ermost planets. Can we really believe such a thing?

Well, actually... if we *do* believe it, then the events of "The Invasion", "The Wheel in Space" and "The Moonbase" make a lot more sense. All three stories assume an off-world base for the Cybermen other than Mondas, yet relatively close at hand. In all three, there's a Cyber-fleet (either implied or actually seen) hanging around within a few million miles of Earth, apparently with nowhere to go. If the ships are really so primitive that they can't get to Earth without a radio signal, as we're told in two of these three tales, then a stopover on our own doorstep would seem logical. Not that Cyber-plans have ever been noted for their logic, but even so.

The immediate objection is that Telos *isn't* anywhere near Earth, at least as far as we know. Let's remind ourselves of the basics: there are between eight and ten planets in our solar system. We have to be vague, because people in the real world tend to use "planet" and "solar system" in rather inconsistent ways (though not, thankfully, as inconsistently as people in *Doctor Who*). Just as this volume was going to press, there was an "official" statement from the astronomical community that Pluto isn't a planet after all, being nothing more than a rather unimpressive lump of ice. And as we'll mention again under "The Sun Makers" (15.4), another significant body was found in the far reaches of the solar system in 2003. It's currently regarded as a planet*oid*, but media reports immediately had it down as a "new planet", and many people still treat it as such. Californians call it "Sedna", although we'll refer to it by the name that's most popular on the internet, "Xena".

Is Telos one of these? Clearly not. We see the surface of Telos in both "Tomb" and "Attack", and they don't match up. Let's not quibble about things like atmosphere, gravity and temperature, because we can reasonably suppose that *any* world colonised by early Cybermen would have been terraformed to some extent. And since Mondas is Earth's twin, we feel we can safely use the word "terraformed" in this context. But Telos has plenty of rocks and its own limited mineral wealth, which isn't true of Pluto and apparently isn't true of Xena either.

More to the point, humans refer to Telos *as* Telos, rather than using their own name for it. If, indeed, the name was thought up by the Cybermen themselves. The Doctor has tediously long conversations about the planet in "Attack", and never once says "of course, that's just the Cybermen's name for Uranus", or some such. Which means we can also discount Cassius, the world beyond Pluto that's mentioned by K9 in "The Sun Makers". Assuming that Cassius isn't the name given to Xena in the *Doctor Who* world, of course (and incidentally, Pluto has obviously been re-classified as a planet by K9's time). No, if Telos is part of our solar system, then it must be a new body altogether. A completely unknown planet, *somewhere* in the frozen reaches of local space.

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Which is ridiculous, of course. If such a world existed, then it'd be so cold that any indigenous life would have evolved with liquid cryogen in its veins. Oh, hold on... it did (the Cryons in "Attack", driven to the point of extinction after the Cybermen terraform the place). All right, but this new planet has never been seen from Earth, so if the Cybermen *were* there then they'd need a way of making an entire world invisible. Oh, hold on... they've got one ("The Tenth Planet", again). Still, that "planet-cloak" wouldn't last indefinitely, so humans would surely start noticing Telos after the Cybermen's disappearance. Oh, hold on... that's exactly what happens ("Tomb", obviously).

Let's assume for one moment that Telos *is* the outermost world of Earth's solar system - although "outermost" is a big word, especially given the existence of Xena - and count the planets. We'll ignore the suggestion that Vulcan from "The Power of the Daleks" (4.3) might be in Earth's system, even if it's what science-freak Whitaker originally had in mind. We've still got Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mondas, Mars, the time-looped planet which we assume left traces of itself behind in the form of the asteroid belt (15.3, "Image of the Fendahl"), Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto, Cassius, Xena... and Telos makes fourteen.

Is the 'Planet 14' mentioned by the Cyber-brain in the 1970s really just the designation of their off-world base, the planet eventually known as Telos[11]? Is "Telos" the name used by the original Cyber-colonists, or was it coined by later human astronomers and then picked up by the rather less logical time-travelling Cybermen in "Attack"? And did the Second Doctor have an unseen adventure there at some point before the 1970s, perhaps investigating the early history of the space-faring Cybermen while he was in the neighbourhood? Or, if you happen to believe in a series of never-revealed "missions" for his own people between Seasons Six and Seven, then was he deliberately sent to early Telos to keep an eye on the Cybermen's development? It may feasibly be that "Genesis of the Daleks" (12.4) isn't the first time he's sent to do that sort of thing...

Does Plot Matter?

There are, traditionally, three schools of thought on this. One is that *Doctor Who* is fundamentally about making exciting noises and pretty pictures that you wouldn't get anywhere else. Plot is a means to an end, as it would be in a Fred Astaire musical or a theme-park ride. Option two is that plot is the whole point of the series, and that all the interesting moments are a form of punctuation or incidental detail. A third approach attempts to combine these ideas, and works on the principle that plot and "environment" (for want of a better word) form a coherent world-view for each clump of episodes.

And any of these might work for an individual story, but for the series as a whole it's more complicated.

"The Krotons" provides a good test-case. Moment by moment, we're in a world where certain things are more likely to come next than others. It'd be a surprise if a cowboy walked into the Great Hall of Learning, but less of a surprise than a cowboy walking into Dock Green police station. But is this enough to get people to tune in week after week? Just being in that twenty-five minute area of possibilities every Saturday teatime is nice, and interesting enough for most viewers. Evidence that apparently "incidental" features are more important to most people than the story comes from the original video release of "The Brain of Morbius" (13.5), which irritated fans not just because they had to pay £24.99 for a sixty-minute tape but because the stripped-down version of the story wasn't very interesting.

We might also recall the BBC's disappointing 100-minute edit of "Genesis of the Daleks" (12.4), shown on BBC1 as part of the *Doctor Who and the Monsters* season, not to mention the fan-video that set out to reduce "Doctor Who and the Silurians" (7.2) to the shortest possible time by cutting out anything that wasn't absolutely necessary. It was fifteen minutes long, and didn't have the Doctor in it.

Perhaps we need to clarify what "plot" actually entails. E. M. Forster - who knew a thing or two about these matters - spent two lectures discussing this, pausing to discuss how far it was applicable to drama as well as literature (these lectures eventually became chapters of his book *Aspects of the Novel*). For him, Story was a sequence of events, but Plot had a moral dimension. "The King died then the Queen died" is a story, a simple linear narrative of events. "The King died and the Queen died of a broken heart" is a plot, because there's a causal linkage that's a product of the personalities involved.

If we're getting into the sort of thing that secondary-school English teachers set as homework, then "theme" is the issues the author wants to talk about, and nine times out of ten it's discussed as part of the decision-making process of one of the characters. Ask any non-hack author how they start a book, and it's usually about a question they want to explore, if not actually answer. Plot, at this level, is the mechanism needed to get the character to the point of crisis and the things which affect his or her choice. Of course, not many authors actually think that way while they're writing, but most of the good ones bear it in mind. Hollywood writers focus all their energy on this, as it's at the heart of The Pitch.

So, for example: the *story* of "Genesis of the Daleks" is the sort of thing you'd find in a synopsis, charted out episode-by-episode, with all the events and digressions. The plot is really down to two choices made by two characters. Davros decides to betray his own people in order to remove all the obstacles to his life's ambition, while the Doctor decides not to prevent the creation of his greatest enemies. (All right, then he changes his mind. You still get the general idea.) Everything else is made up of the events which force these decisions, the factors involved and the consequences of each choice.

Consequences are part of the authorial intention. At a very basic level, a story in the English-speaking tradition has to end with bad guys either punished or penitent, good guys either triumphant or vindicated, and everyone else either wiser or doomed to repeat their mistakes. When children might be watching, it's important that the protagonists get their just desserts at the end, simply for what's now called "closure". A story traditionally begins by setting up puzzles, especially a *Doctor Who* story. We begin by not knowing where the TARDIS has landed, what relationship the non-regular characters have to either the regulars or to each other, and what kind of story we're in for. Almost all of the first episode is about setting up questions, while the other three are concerned with answering them and dealing with the results of those answers.

(Quite often, the last piece of the puzzle is the first cliffhanger. Think of 14.4, "The Face of Evil", for a spectacular example. Or 10.2, "Carnival of

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Monsters", for a story in which the cliffhanger is the first sign of what's really going on. It's not always as clear-cut as it could be, though. The first episode of 6.7, "The War Games", seems to be a straightforward historical with two anomalous details. The cliffhanger is simply, "will the Doctor live long enough to ask the same questions *we're* asking?")

But look at "The Krotons", and more importantly, listen to the soundtrack. Remember that for most viewers in 1968/69, *Doctor Who* was the place where the funny noises happened. The boundary between music and sound effects is blurred, and everything happening on-screen is to some extent there to justify the sound. A lot of the storytelling is done with visuals, and the graphics - again, more like a magazine of the time than a conventional drama production - are often independent of the dialogue. The animated screen display indicates a complicated set of puzzles, and the hunter-tendril homes in on the Doctor's face, as represented by a highly stylised mug-shot. Ask people who saw it on first broadcast, and these are the things they're most likely to recall. Those who saw it repeated in 1981 will remember its radical "otherness" compared to anything else on television that night, so imagine how "other" it seemed in the 1960s.

Anyone whose primal memories of *Doctor Who* are of dialogue or significant character-developments is, frankly, a bit strange. We remember moments when something happened, and how we felt when it happened. And, quite possibly, how your lamb cutlets tasted that night. (Because you watch *Doctor Who* while you're having dinner. Everybody knows that.)

It helps if you care about the people to whom all this is happening. It also helps if you understand that something actually *is* happening, and if you believe there's a reason for it. If you're very young, then you might not really "get it", but as long as there are features which remain consistent throughout the story - as long as there are characters who behave in a recognisable way, as long as there are scenes which seem to fit together, as long as there's a sense of some kind of coherency - even a three-year-old can assemble *some* narrative out of the pieces. It may not be the same one the writer had in mind, but then, no story is understood in exactly the way the writer intended by *any* member of the audience.

Individual moments may be amazing, excruciating or downright weird, yet the links between them are the point of the programme. It's not really a question of these links being rational (you may notice that some of the best *Doctor Who* stories covered in these books have the longest "Things That Don't Make Sense" sections), but of the story having its own sense of context. It's true that thirty-odd years later, we all remember isolated images, but *while we were watching* we were engrossed in wondering what would come next. Studies of children watching television all seem to show that they engage with TV by speculating on what's about to happen, or by asking someone else. Even *Teletubbies* creates suspense, of sorts.

Doctor Who provides a very clear example of this split between iconic moments and aesthetic moments. In the 1980s, a lot of people got into fandom via *Doctor Who Monthly* and "knew" about certain key scenes from the '60s and '70s. These became valorised as the Great Moments, and a lot of people waxed nostalgic about them. But seen out of context, these Great Moments are a bit flat, and the scenes you can show non-fans to explain why you're "into it" are the bits which exist free of any plot or "continuity" significance. Members of the British Public, when asked, talk about random collections of striking images and noises. (And often attempt to string them together into a plot containing half-remembered details from similar stories, *Doctor Who* or other. In some parallel universe there's an amazing episode about a giant maggot that grows into the Loch Ness Monster. See? It's not just three-year-olds who make up their own narratives.) Show them the all-important trial from "The War Games", and they'll be bored in seconds.

However, if people were watching without knowing that the best-remembered monsters, sounds or effects were coming, then they must have been following the plot at least *some* of the time. Or if not the plot, then they certainly must have been involved in the context.

As we said in **What Was Children's Television Like Back Then?** (under 3.7, "The Celestial Toymaker"), children need to know what happens next, whether it's on-screen or in their own imaginations. Hands up everyone here who watched *Doctor Who* as a child, and didn't write / draw their own stories afterwards? Thought not. As adults they might not recall what really *did* happen next, but it's the most important thing in their lives

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while they're in front of the screen. If they can second-guess it, then it's a significant step, and gives them a sense of being at least partially in control. Between the ages of three and eight, television is a collaborative medium, and always has been. Young viewers are doing at least half the work of creating the story-world. If we take this view to its logical conclusion, then the set-design and special effects are at least as important as the script.

At first, we might wonder why the BBC hired writers at all. It's certainly worth pondering why writers bothered with *Doctor Who*, back in the days when the public were still buying gimmick-free novels in large numbers. Apart from the money, authors are generally attracted to projects by the moral points they want to make. In the course of their duties, they may be called upon to arrange amazing coincidences, astonishing *dei ex machina* and gobsmackingly blatant fudges. Dickens moves Heaven and Earth to make his plots come out right. Someone like Thomas Hardy removes any possibility of a simplistic relationship between characters and their fates, flagrantly arranging circumstances to wreck the lives of his creations. In *Doctor Who* terms, the number of fluke escapes might seem like some form of providence, but frequently the only way the Doctor and company are able to take advantage of such flukes is by being in a position they wouldn't have been if they'd been anyone else. Any other character would have made different choices.

At this stage you'd expect another Oxbridge professor to be quoted and another Greek word, so here it is: *eukatastrophe*. This denotes a benign fluke which wouldn't have been experienced if the characters hadn't persevered through apparent disasters; and the tweedy academic was J. R. R. Tolkien. He gained his reputation by writing an epic about ordinariness triumphing over Absolute Evil, and he did so by making an asset out of his turgid prose and his inability to write characters properly, apparently because it's all in the service of a plot that keeps people turning the pages. Except that... people who like Tolkien keep turning the pages after the plot is over. Anyone who remembers *The Return of the King* on-screen will recall being impatient during the last section (which is only actually half an hour but seems much longer) because it just keeps going after the story ends.

Ask the kind of people who think *Lord of the Rings* is a Thumping Good Read - the kind of people memorably described by deceased comedian Linda Smith as "engineering students called Dave" - and what they like is "revisiting a world", not finding out what happens next. Even before the films turned up, many readers encountered these books as if they'd already read them. And as we're talking about the 1960s media, and as we've already had Tolkien, it's incumbent upon us to mention Marshal McLuhan. At the time, he was a significant influence on how television was understood, especially since the very idea of thinking about TV's effect on cognition was itself radically new. For him, the way to measure a medium was by how "close" it gets, how tactile or remote it is, how far the participant is a passive outsider or part of the process.

Those Tolkien obsessives don't so much read the books as bathe in them. Compared to the way most people engage with text, this may seem odd, but "most people" primarily engage with text as a factual information-source. (Or so they think... newspapers are as much about the aesthetic and the sensual as they are about data-delivery.)

The point about television, compared to film, is that film presents a world on a big screen: what the things on that screen have in common is you, the viewer, as a focal-point. A film like (let's take a contemporary example) *2001: A Space Odyssey* is more "about" round shapes dancing with oblong shapes than about entelechy or human evolution. It was made to be seen in Cinerama with surround sound. Television can't do that. But what McLuhan failed to spot was that there are some programmes which children watch close-up. It's the experience of the show that's intriguing, the way shapes and sounds seem to be summoned into being by the characters, and - crucially - by the child who's watching and "presiding". According to most research, wildlife documentaries and cartoons are thought by viewers under eight to be the same thing, and engaged with in the same way. Guess what? One famous study counted "Image of the Fendahl" (15.3) amongst that week's "cartoons".

Think about the most (ostensibly) story-driven categories of fiction: farce, crime and romance. The authors whose works are most read, most re-read and most performed are the ones whose plots are the least easily recalled, but in which specific incidents, lines of dialogue and characters are to be

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found. It's passed into legend that the plot of *The Big Sleep* defies all attempts to follow it, because the film was re-worked to allow more Bogart-Bacall interplay, but a Raymond Chandler fan would be hard-pressed to remember the stories from *any* of his novels. Similarly, Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson, Archie Goodwin and Nero Wolfe, Brother Cadfael and many, many others are basically world-views, with plots to propel the narrative and give the narrator excuses for style.

This is why most of these have made it into television, radio and film without losing the appeal for their readers. Adaptations bring the grotesqueries of the incidental detail to the fore, but skip the narrator, except in the convention of the voice-over. Incidents may seem significant to the reader whilst reading, but what's best-recalled is the narrative voice and the miniature world of the stories.

For the more run-of-the-mill examples of these categories, the reader feels slightly cheapened by having wasted time once the story is over. It's like doing a crossword puzzle. No matter how well-written, a Mills-and-Boon romance is always just a Mills-and-Boon romance, even if it's repackaged as something zeitgeisty like *Bridget Jones*. Fred Astaire musicals, *The Lord of the Rings* and British tabloids are all attempts to create self-consistent worlds in which there are clearly-defined boundaries of good and bad, and yet *somehow* things can be made to happen which are out of the ordinary, if only we can believe in them for a moment. They're all utopian, based on the removal of certain agreed obstacles, so we're all supposed to sit back, admire the uninhibited displays of energy and excess, and let it wash over us. Don't ask questions, just accept.

Story alone won't cut it. The reason is simply that the end of each narrative somehow has to press the reset button so that things can be repeated in the next book / episode / movie. Plot, as we've said, involves life-changing moments, personal crises and points of transition. *Doctor Who* is in an odd position with regard to these. Not only do the protagonists undergo significant changes (up to and including the Doctor dying and becoming someone else), but the stakes can be as high as worlds being destroyed and our own past being unravelled. As we mentioned under "The Crusade" (2.6), the advantage of the '60s historicals over ITC romps-in-tights was that stories really *could* end in massacres.

Doctor Who is in rather a cleft stick here. On the one hand, there's a strong element of the just-accept-it approach in the series' appeal to children, especially when nothing else on TV is anything like it. On the other hand, the whole premise of the programme is to ask questions, to get involved, to find out for yourself instead of relying on what "they" tell you. A story like "The Krotons" really rubs it in. The bad guys are brainwashing their supine victims, but it's the teaching machines and the hunter-seeker gadgets that make the

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most child-friendly burbles and pretty pictures. A five-year-old is more likely to do the Kroton voices than to talk like Eelek or Beta. Nevertheless, the world being presented is manifestly not the same world you see in every other programme, so the issues are more clear-cut. There's a more linear cause-and-effect, yet once the effect has happened, it's on to the next story-place and you don't have to hang around for the consequences.

Doctor Who is a series of serials. It relies on cliffhangers and their resolutions, week by week. Even in its new post-*Buffy* format, this is a series about continuous storylines within discrete adventures. Each new story is a new world-view, even if the themes, attitudes and repertoire of possible outcomes are consistent from one to the next. Violating this is feasible in a given episode, as long as the overall story seems to end "properly". There are exceptions, yet even these are telling: "Mission to the Unknown" (3.2) concludes with the Daleks winning and the good guys dying, but it's followed up with something slightly more conventional five weeks later.

So the worse a situation seems at the end of an episode, the more we invest in how it's resolved. With children and hardcore fans alike, the issue is how far they could have anticipated the crucial change that allows this resolution, even if the logic of a child isn't *always* the same as the logic of someone who's got all the DVDs. If it comes out of nowhere then it's annoying (15.6, "The Invasion of Time"), but not as bad as being obvious right from the start (21.1, "Warriors of the Deep"). Watched week-by-week, each story ends with the promise of something different, yet within certain parameters. The ritual of tuning in for each episode is more important to many viewers than whether such-and-such a character survives being caught by such-and-such a villain / monster / electronically-generated psychedelic vortex.

At its best, the series is time-out from orthodox television practice, even when it's so rooted in its era that you can almost taste the Sky Ray ice-lollies. As with Tolkien and Wodehouse, it's a place you go, but once there it's about characters making (often literally) world-shattering decisions. Like a giant Fisher-Price toy, a *Doctor Who* environment is one in which you do *this* and *this* happens. The "this" can be a plot twist, a groovy ray-gun with fab noises... or simply a shot of something where it doesn't belong.

Is *Doctor Who* Camp?

For anyone who understands the question, the answer is "of course it is". However, this requires a lot of quibbling about precisely what we mean. In Britain, "camp" is an adjective (so anyone caught using the non-word "campy" is automatically debarred from having his or her opinions taken seriously), but it's also treated as a proper noun. It means something similar to what badly-read people who talk about "post-modernism" think "post-modern" means. For a generation of lazy critics, "camp" has come to be synonymous with "gay". While this is telling, it's very wrong indeed, but we bet that's what you thought this essay was going to be about. (You'll have to wait for **What Are the Gayest Things in *Doctor Who*, Ever?** under 25.2, "The Happiness Patrol", for that.)

Early attempts to discuss this subject tended to be lists. Things deemed camp had a few things in common, like the tendency to be one thing disguised as another or the tendency to display shocking lapses in taste. Making the link between the listed items was left to the reader, who was supposed to be able to work it out automatically. Finally, some consensus emerged: the link was that all of these things (spies and gadgets, kitsch architecture, the plots of operettas, wits like Oscar Wilde and Groucho Marx, liking bad movies...) involved stepping out of supposedly pre-ordained categories. People who were designated as being or having camp-appeal were those whose forceful appreciation of something out-of-the-ordinary overrode the usual rules. In that person's presence, different rules applied.

So we're getting close to suggesting that camp is both the opposite of cool and a refinement of it. Camp and cool both have an element of not-caring, of disdain for the ordinary. The difference is that cool implies a lack of conscious effort, whereas camp is about putting everything you've got into it. Either you love something too much (more than it's "worth", so the stereotypical anorak-wearing *Doctor Who* fan and the Barry Manilow cultist are both manifestations of this, at least to the outside world), or you're given to going over the top. Or you do both at once, in many cases. Both phenomena are examples of people fashioning an identity for themselves, and if you're reading this book then you must know people like that. Cool is not caring, camp is actively defiant.

Let's pretend, for a moment, that there's no such thing as "good taste" and "bad taste" or any other "either-or" deal. Let's pretend that "normal" is a lie, and there's only "common" and "uncommon", with shades in-between. "Common" can be an insult. Suddenly, camp becomes a way out for anyone who doesn't fit orthodox categories. Camp has traditionally been one of the last remaining weapons in the arsenal of the culturally-oppressed, even if they're not oppressed by force: the tyranny of the mainstream has as much effect on those who don't fit in as any police state. Indeed, it's usually the way repressive regimes get into power. Lenin and Hitler used their prosaic taste in art as a means to call anything creative "sick", and then claimed to be speaking for the majority. Traditional minorities who've embraced camp are blacks, Jews, homosexuals and intellectuals, and various combinations thereof. Women and people from provinces also tend to veer towards it, but the stakes aren't always as high for them.

Misfits are always "playing" at being common, trying to "pass", and the racial overtones of the word are deliberate. For aliens (in the legal sense of the word), attempting to appear assimilated is a major concern. For aliens (in the extra-terrestrial sense), the basic male / female duality might be negotiable. Almost uniquely among male TV heroes, the Doctor doesn't equate saving the world with getting the girl. He is, if you like, a male impersonator. He presents himself as English, middle-aged and what-have-you, but it's a front. Even the Eccleston version affects a Salford accent and treats his physiognomy as an aesthetic issue rather than as part of his identity. Like his TARDIS, he's "passing" and gets it just slightly wrong.

Until Sylvester McCoy, all the Doctors were played by actors who'd acquired Received Pronunciation accents as adults. Many of the cast-members were trying to appear heterosexual (the series started before 1967, when homosexuality was legalised and this became less of an issue). The cast, and most of the audience, accepted that the Daleks weren't really robot-creatures and that quarries weren't really alien worlds. They went along with it for the sake of argument. Within the story-world, things that wouldn't fool us for a moment are revealed to be major surprises to the characters. Spy gadgetry has this appeal, and concealed entrances to secret bases are automatically camp. We, as viewers, pretend to have been fooled or watch in amusement as characters are tricked by something we know to be unconvincing.

Just as men attempting to pass as women can be funny, because it shows the flimsiness of some-

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thing that we're told is fundamental, so con-men attempting to pull off a scam in character can be funny simply because we know how little attention the victim is paying. The Master playing at being a vicar (8.5, "The Daemons") or an admiral (9.3, "The Sea Devils") is camp. The more brazen the fake, the funnier it is.

So when old-style existentialism met psychedelia, everyone concluded that people in the outside world were just as contingent as those in stories. "Authentic" was another way of saying "in character". Obviously, fundamentalists of various persuasions are offended by this simple observation, and feel the need to shriek at anything which removes their power-base. Lo and behold, in *Doctor Who* these types are almost always mad and evil. In various periods throughout the programme's history, the tendency of people to go along with the herd and meekly accept other people's rules has been portrayed as equivalent to invasion or brainwashing. The Doctor and company have overthrown tyrants by asking questions, and not taking as read what the locals accept as the-way-things-are. Supposed absolutes are replaced by aesthetic choices.

You're now probably getting the idea that the basic mechanism of camp is detaching the surface from the core, making the apparent features more important than the fundamentals. A more radical thesis, akin to post-modernism in its original form, is that there *is* no core, there *are* no fundamentals, and everything is an improvised performance. (That's *everything*. "Gay" and "straight" refer to sex-acts, but not the person doing them, who might do something else tomorrow.) This makes all interpersonal relationships a form of courtly dance or parlour game.

It's certainly true that in the classic forms of camp television, like spy series, *Dynasty*-style mega-soaps and science-fiction shows of various descriptions, point-scoring is more important than character development from one episode to the next. Characters can be recast at short notice, undergo life-changing experiences and be played to suit public taste, or the reset button can be pressed so that the episodes can be enjoyed out of sequence. The past can even be rewritten for convenience, so our attempt to assemble a consistent Dalek chronology is much like trying to resolve the two storylines of *Dallas* in which Bobby is dead and has been in the shower all along. Social status is more important than psychological depth, and personality is defined by how one is perceived to be. Jamie's face is rearranged and it makes no odds, but remove his ability to say anything unexpected and he's "dead" (6.2, "The Mind Robber").

We talked about *all* relationships being a kind of ritualised make-believe, and since we're now just a couple of stories away from 6.7, "The War Games", it's worth bringing up the subject of warfare. Specifically, we should point out a crucial difference between the mind-sets of Europe and the US: for much of the twentieth century, Europeans perceived war as a form of game, whereas Americans have traditionally perceived it as absolutely and inarguably "real".

If the notion of war as a form of (lethal) play seems to be pushing "irony" a shade too far, then bear in mind that every treaty, convention and human rights agreement on Earth is effectively just a set of game-rules, yet they're still seen as fundamentals of modern civilisation. To anyone brought up in a culture where folk-memories of trench warfare are still potent, it's self-evident that wars are little more than power-plays between remote leaders. Every schoolchild knows about Christmas Day, 1914, when hostilities in No Man's Land were suspended in order for English and German soldiers to play football (after which they went back to mowing each other down with machine-guns, naturally). It's no coincidence that the stereotypical British officer is always supposed to talk in cricketing analogies, or that the Nazi invasion of Poland was seen as "cheating" rather than as a humanitarian disaster.

And before they started dying of old age, it wasn't hard to find former British servicemen who'd become pen-pals with those who'd fought on the Other Side. Once the bigger scars had healed, members of the RAF were happy to socialise with members of the Luftwaffe. We find it hard to imagine the same cordial relations between ex-US marines and agents of the Viet Minh[13]. Similarly, Spike Milligan - whose impact on British culture has already been mentioned, more than once, in this volume - used to perform a live show in which he described his wartime experiences in Africa, including a comedy anecdote about a young German soldier who'd tried to shoot him dead. One night he ended the story by announcing that the soldier was in the audience, and the gentle-

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man in question stood up to take a bow. The crowd applauded wildly, apparently not bothered by the thought that they were clapping someone who'd attempted to kill the star of the show.

We'll stop short of suggesting that war itself is, in any meaningful sense, camp. But the fact remains that to most Europeans raised between 1945 and the 1980s, when American-flavoured mom's-apple-pie militarism started to become unpleasantly fashionable (as we'll see under 19.6, "Earthshock"), combat wasn't so much a duty to God and Nation as a particularly hazardous form of dressing-up. Society occasionally demanded that you fought against This Year's Enemy, so you put on your soldier's clothes and played the part. Then, once it was all over, you took off the uniform and spent the rest of your life telling funny stories about getting diarrhoea while on service in Burma.

Or consider UNIT. The Brigadier and his boys have often been described as "camp", although this has generally been taken to mean that there's some sort of gay subtext to the early '70s stories, not least when Mike Yates insists on checking out the Master's bun-cakes (8.1, "Terror of the Autons"). But think of Sergeant Benton in "Planet of the Spiders" (11.5), explaining how to make a good cup of tea while there's supposed to be an Earth-threatening crisis going on. Or the Brigadier himself in virtually any story after "Spearhead from Space" (7.1), endlessly trying to keep the Doctor in check, but almost always being reduced to an impotent state of rolling his eyes and huffing. These aren't professional soldiers, these are people *playing* at being professional soldiers. To anyone who grew up with sit-coms like *It Ain't Half Hot Mum* (or even the now-unthinkable *'Allo 'Allo*), the connection between war and drag should be obvious.

So the routine procedures of space-opera for kids - spy-stories with everyone and everything pretending to be someone or something else, and ordinary people misinterpreting the outward signs - make camp events unavoidable. This also means that the viewer can watch the whole thing as both a thrilling adventure for the young and an amusingly flawed representation of the "real" world, stripped down to the essentials. Simply knowing that there's someone else watching, who's taken in by what others viewers see as schlock or cheapo kitsch, makes watching an automatically ironic process. The key question is: do the programme-makers know this, and how far do they factor in this multiple audience?

At various phases in the programme's development, the audience and programme-makers accept that any attempt to depict "reality" was doomed to be schematic. With limited budgets

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and children watching, even stories filmed on location are bound to be cartoonish (19.7, "Time-Flight"... 9.3, "The Sea Devils"...). The only difference is where the individual producer drew the line, and what was left to the viewer to infer.

What we *can* say is that for a section of the audience, there's the possibility that the series - or just a specific scene - will lead to multiple responses. To cut a book's worth of definition down to a snappy sentence, "irony" works by assuming that there's more than one "true" meaning at once, available to the audience but not necessarily to the characters. For a series in which the protagonists are from somewhere else and no longer bound by local habits, almost any exchange between the regulars and the inhabitants of that story's world is layered with this potential. Even Ian and Barbara discussing what's for dinner has it, when they're in a first-century villa (2.4, "The Romans") or inside the Ship (2.8, "The Chase").

In fact, Barbara is the give-away. Someone as wholesomely mumsy and domestic, in the middle of space-opera thrills and costume drama earnestness, is inevitably camp. Add to this her poise in the face of endless randy old men and lumbering monsters, and her bizarre priorities (here we need only say "knitwear" to make the point), and we have our own honest-to-goodness Camp Diva. She's stoic like a soap queen, glamorously maternal like Betty Crocker, and has the big-haired primness of Doris Day, but in sensible shoes. Someone like this at the start of a long-running series is guaranteed to make the formula completely unlike any comparable space-show. *Lost in Space* and June Lockhart? Not in the same league. The rigid boundaries and assumptions of our world are up for grabs, and we can be playful with them even if the characters (and the writers, directors and cast) don't see it that way.

Actually, many of the campest moments in the series take place when it's trying to be in deadly earnest but making a hash of it. The discrepancy between the urgency of the music and what we see on-screen is often good for a laugh. Misjudged angst is another rich vein. And as this is the essay accompanying "The Seeds of Death", we should acknowledge the ways in which "alien" is often perilously close to "a bit nelly", from ill-advised togas to disco make-up and silly voices (and in the case of Light from 26.2, "Ghost Light", all three at once). Treating honest, raw emotion as a commodity, and dealing with it in primary colours, is what makes grand opera, Country and Western, ballroom dancing and SF television all tend towards this sort of thing.

The twin faults of "it's only *Doctor Who*" and "we can do anything" are as much the cause of the programme's unlikely triumphs as the spectacular and hilarious messes. The camp appeal of the programme is partly to do with the gulf between what this produces and what the mundane world considers tasteful, far more than it's a result of any inherent flaw in the programme per se. In having a protagonist who judges by different standards, the series has tended to attract the kind of people who'd normally run a mile from this sort of drama.

Make that "these sorts of drama", because there's a final, crucial factor. No two stories, even in Lloyd's seemingly endless run of base-under-siege yarns, are aimed at exactly the same audience. Whilst in *Star Trek* or *The Avengers* you know what you're getting from week to week - like a fast-food outlet - old-fashioned hand-made *Doctor Who* veers wildly around the age-range and education of the potential viewers. "Kinda" (19.3) is sandwiched between "Four to Doomsday" and "The Visitation". Sometimes you get jolts between registers in the same story, e.g. when "The Green Death" (10.5) abruptly shifts from 'you clumsy young goat, you've contaminated my spoors!' to a gay computer quoting Nietzsche, Oscar Wilde and - in its dying moments - the Wicked Witch of the West.

Oh, Very Well... *Was* There Any Hanky-Panky in the TARDIS?

Gentle reader, we've known each other for a while now. So if we can be reasonably mature about this, then we'll finally address the big question, the one that was the *real* concern in school playgrounds during the 1970s. Assuming contraception and STDs to be covered by the same state of "temporal grace" that permits the lack of toilets aboard the Ship... who had whom?

Now, we have to be careful to differentiate between the actors and the characters they play. Conventions and backstage gossip might lead us to form an opinion of a particular performer, which might consequently affect how we evaluate a character, but we're ignoring any real-life considerations in the course of this essay. After all, we've given the lawyers enough to worry about already.

So, here are our potential couples. Note that we haven't included the Doctor himself in any of these pairings, (a) because anything more than a brief peck on the cheek seems massively unlikely in any story made before 1996, and (b) because we don't want to have to imagine it. And note that we've deliberately overlooked the twenty-first century version of the series here, because it'd be like shooting very large fish in a very small barrel.

Ian and Barbara. Are you kidding? The only question is whether they were at it *before* we first met them. We suspect not, on the evidence of "The Edge of Destruction" (1.3). However, by the time of "The Romans" (2.4), it's undeniably ongoing. In the early stories, Babs doesn't appear to think of herself as otherwise engaged, and flirts with Alydon (1.2, "The Daleks"), Leon (1.8, "The Reign of Terror") and maybe even Marco (1.4, "Marco Polo"). Perhaps she's trying to get Ian to think of her as something other than a colleague. He doesn't do much about it until their former pupil is safely gone, though. Surely that can't mean...

Ian and Susan. Hardly likely. He's a professional, and she's got a deeply scary grandfather. Which doesn't mean that Susan didn't consider it, of course. We once again have to ask how Ian knows a Beatles song written two years after he left Earth, and wonder if his star pupil has been giving him her own kind of tuition. From this point of view, we might give the scissors scene from "The Edge of Destruction" a bit of routine cod-Freudian analysis. Dressmaking scissors - associated with domesticity and "The Feminine Mystique", and therefore symbolising Barbara's role on the Ship - are used to threaten the woman herself. There's stabbing, and what's more, the target of this stabbing is a *bed*. Plus, it only happens when Susan considers Barbara to be a rival, and believes that the Doctor and Ian are keeping a secret from her. Ian even spends the whole story half-naked and sweaty.

Susan, however, is obviously one for indulging in elaborate fantasies. When faced with forcible marriage to a hunk who'll die in two days anyway, she'd rather be publicly mutilated (1.6, "The Aztecs"). David Whitaker, in *Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks*, has Ian describe the TARDIS' washing facilities in elaborate detail: clearly, Mr Chesterton has had a lot of cold showers during his travels.

Vicki and Steven. Imagine a fifteen-year-old girl from today shacking up with a sailor from Nelson's navy. Moreover, suppose that sailor had spent two years on a desert island with only a stuffed panda to talk to. It could go either way, depending on what Space Command puts in the tea. The girl, meanwhile, has spent a year with someone who liked pretending to be paralysed from the waist down. More dime-store Freud from Whitaker, then. She's probably been scared right off blokes by the whole experience.

Vicki seems to like male attention, though. She causes a revolution in "The Space Museum" (2.7) because circumstances demand that she must, but she goes about it in the most coquettish way possible, at least once it's obvious that an army of desperate teenage boys needs her help. The brief snatch of 8mm film we have from "The Myth Makers" (3.3), of Vicki stepping out of the TARDIS to greet the Trojans, might almost have the caption "Hello Boys". And there's photo evidence that her final snog with Troilus is a bit more full-on than we're used to in this series.

Steven and Dodo. Dear God, no.

Ben and Polly. Less likely than it seems. Not just because he's a sailor and she's a snob (except when she's a 'dirty bird' in 4.5, "The Underwater Menace"), or even because of her apparent crush on the new Doctor. She just doesn't want to mess up a viable living arrangement. Think about it: this period, that kind of girl, probably some kind of shared house or pad in Chelsea. At the time, this was the kind of set-up drama series used about

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innocent girls going to London for the first time, usually with someone like Polly as the older, more experienced one who gets the others out of trouble. She'd know how quickly these things go wrong. A complicating factor is...

Polly and Jamie. At the start of the "The Macra Terror" (4.7), he's terrified of girls. An episode later, when Polly's distraught, he's all over her. This is the only gap in the whole time they're together, so we have no idea how long it lasts (but Polly's hair is back to its old length, so for all we know eight months might have elapsed). In the previous story, "The Moonbase", the chest-beating between the boys gets a bit intense when she's around. Her relationship with Ben may be strained by the fact that he nearly feeds her to the Macra.

Jamie and Victoria. If he hadn't fancied her, then "The Evil of the Daleks" (4.9) wouldn't have happened. We tend to think of Victoria as a bit prim, but in every other regard she's quite out of keeping with a young lady of her time and upbringing. By the standards of the 1860s, the dress she chooses in "The Tomb of the Cybermen" (5.1) is tantamount to carrying a placard saying "Take Me Now". Later costume decisions are even more brazen, yet Jamie usually acts like a protective elder brother, which might suggest that he's into older women (we refer you to the previous entry). From this point of view, his reaction to her apparent death in "Fury from the Deep" (5.6) is interesting, as from then on he realises that he's been offered it on a plate and hasn't noticed. The rest of the story sees him trying to talk her into staying just a little longer - one night, perhaps, although they walk off into separate bedrooms - and kicking himself for letting her go.

Jamie and Zoe. Rather depends on whether she's twelve, fifteen, nineteen or more. Like Victoria, Zoe responds to the boy's presence by increasingly dressing to please. Unlike Victoria, she's the one who instigates the teasing. Strange that a teenager from the twenty-first century should be more like a Victorian schoolmarm than a Victorian who was most likely to have become a schoolmarm, but there you go.

Liz and the Brigadier. An odd one. If she had a rank within the usual military parameters, then a dalliance wouldn't be possible. She's on his staff, but not as a subordinate, so there's no protocol to cover this sort of thing. In generic terms, their prickly relationship at the start of Season Seven is exactly like the sort of first meeting you might expect in a 1930s screwball comedy. There seems little question that the Brigade-Leader and Section-Leader Shaw have some kind of past (7.4, "Inferno"), possibly because a woman can only build herself a career in Evil Republican England by doing favours for her commanding officers.

What messes this up is the arrival of Doris (11.5, "Planet of the Spiders" and 26.1, "Battlefield"). For most of the UNIT era, there's no hint of any private life for anyone except Jo and Mike. Then we suddenly get a saucy secret involving the Brigadier's watch, followed by the frankly implausible scene in which Mr Benton takes his kid sister ballroom dancing (13.4, "The Android Invasion"). Sarah describes the Brig as 'a swinger' (12.1, "Robot"), but then again, she calls herself a 'working girl' in the same episode.

Jo and Captain Yates. The only occasion on which an actual date is mentioned, as a pretext for Jo to be dressed appropriately in "The Curse of Peladon" (9.2). That said, she's more covered-up than in any other story, and seems to be ready for the ballet or the opera rather than a restaurant or a discotheque. Perhaps it's a cultural exchange, and she's taking Mike to an Atomic Rooster gig the following night.

Jo and Sergeant Benton. Far more likely. She sneaks him the odd snack in "The Day of the Daleks" (9.1), and might even be on first-name terms with him off-duty. Assuming that he *has* a first name (fan-lore says "John", but we think "Quentin" or "Fenton" would be funnier). On-screen he calls her 'Miss' and generally acts like a family retainer, but this is 1972, an era when D. H. Lawrence is so incomprehensibly popular that parents actually think "Lawrence" is a good name for a new-born child. Some *Lady Chatterley*-style furtive rudeness is entirely possible, if only to annoy Captain Yates.

Sarah and Harry. Not a chance. Is there a convenient moment in any of their travels together? Only en route to an emergency call from the Brigadier between "Revenge of the Cybermen"

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(12.5) and "Terror of the Zygons" (13.1), and that follows some quality bitching about her fat ankles. In fact, "Revenge" offers all sorts of interesting hints that Harry doesn't know one end of a woman from another. Perhaps the Doctor's comment that he's 'only qualified to operate on sailors' (12.2, "The Ark in Space") is nearer the truth than we imagined.

Yet with depressing predictability, fandom has constantly insisted that there "should be" some kind of sexual chemistry between them, not because they look remotely well-matched but because they're part of an "and" double-act. There's Ian-and-Barbara, and there's Ben-and-Polly, so obviously Sarah-and-Harry should get it on as well. The first draft of the BBC novel *Millennium Shock* tried to claim that they were married by the 1990s, but the editor vetoed this on the grounds that it was incredibly stupid, as well as hopelessly out-of-character. If nothing else, then at least "School Reunion" (X2.3) stopped anyone trying anything similar.

We then get a few years of the Doctor travelling with a Single White Female Assistant, and we *really* don't want to get into the whole Romana business, although we might briefly pause to remember the Prime Computers advert (see 18.1, "The Leisure Hive"). But come the 1980s, we get...

Adric and Nyssa. He's obviously taken with her after their first meeting, and keeps asking about her when the Doctor reveals that she's been in touch (18.7, "Logopolis"). Yet after this, he's a bit off-hand with her. Shy? Scared? Jealous of the energetic new Doctor? Or maybe all those middle-aged men who kept showing him such concern might have spotted something. (Oh, come *on*. The Monitor in "Logopolis"; the Master in 19.1, "Castrovalva"; Sanders and Hindle in 19.3, "Kinda"; Mace in 19.4, "The Visitation"; and most obviously Bigon in 19.2, "Four to Doomsday". We needn't labour the point about Athenian philosophers, need we?) There certainly seems to be more innuendo directed at Adric than there ever was at Leela.

What about Nyssa, though? She's the one who talks to him when the Doctor won't (19.6, "Earthshock"), and it's later revealed that he used to help her with her chemistry calculations. It's only after his room is cleared out to make way for Turlough that she opts to go. No, it's not very convincing, is it? But it's not quite as unlikely as...

Adric and Tegan. In the novelisation of "Logopolis", Adric sees Tegan for the first time on the TARDIS scanner and experiences a "strange tingle up his spine". There's a suggestion that this is because he can somehow sense her destiny as a future companion, although he still regards her as "beautiful", and it's blatantly written as an adolescent pang. So he obviously goes for the stewardess uniform and the purple tights, which is believable when you consider the kind of thing they wear on Alzarius. But let's be honest, Tegan would rather hump an Abzorbaloff. We also note that it's only after this, when the other companions form a girlie alliance, that Adric starts sulking and becomes the unbearable little creep we all remember. If he'd been getting any, then this simply wouldn't have been the case. So how about...

Tegan and Nyssa. Tegan has rude dreams about big pink snakes. This and a few chance comments in "Enlightenment" (20.5) make it seem as if she has a huge crush on the Doctor, but obviously that can't be permitted with John Nathan-Turner as producer. As in so much of Seasons Nineteen and Twenty, the care with which sexuality is dismissed backfires, and we're left with stories like "Arc of Infinity" (20.1) that look positively sapphic. Tegan gets a severe new haircut and frilly undies, and immediately Nyssa is pleading the Doctor to take her back, like a kid who's been followed home by a puppy. It's worth asking why Tegan was in Amsterdam in the first place, given that it was Europe's most gay city at the time. No sooner is she back sharing a bedroom than Tegan starts

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getting those dreams again, but this time about doorways and cave-openings. Can it get any clearer? And Nyssa starts wearing less and less, and does her hair, and wears more lipstick and eyeshadow. One more possibility, though...

Tegan and Turlough. The notable - nay, unique - thing about this relationship is that for the first time, we have two companions who are actively at each other's throats when they meet. On the surface, Tegan seems to despise the new "boy". But let's look at the start of "Terminus" (20.4) again. She pretty much catches Turlough red-handed while he's sabotaging the TARDIS, yet does she make good her threat to tell the Doctor, even after the Ship suffers a suspicious breakdown mere minutes later? No, she does not. Instead, she just stands there with her bosom heaving in a womanly fashion, letting him get a good eyeful.

When you bear in mind that the big movie romances of the era tend to involve a rogue and a "modern woman" who apparently loathe each other from the beginning (it's 1983, so Han Solo and Princess Leia are fresh in the memory, and soon *Romancing the Stone* will turn this sort of relationship into a Hollywood standard), you could be forgiven for thinking that they're going to start ripping each others' clothes off in mid-slanging-match. Yet just a few stories later, all this sexual tension seems to have dissipated. That holiday at the Eye of Orion in "The Five Doctors" (20.7), where we find the TARDIS crew lounging around and looking blissed-out... it couldn't possibly be a bit post-coital, could it?

Kamelion and Anybody. He can take the form of any human being in the universe, according to the desires of his "user". He's on the Ship with hormone-bomb Tegan and reckless pleasure-seeker Turlough. No wonder he hides in his room and won't come out.

Did *Doctor Who* End in 1969?

Well, manifestly it didn't. Something called *Doctor Who* struggled on for another two decades, then came back from the dead as a CGI ring-wraith in 2005. What we have to consider is whether the programme we'll be covering in Volumes III, IV, V and VI is really the same one we've seen so far.

It's a more complicated question than it seems. We have to accept that the programme had a definite place in the public's consciousness, as emblematic of "The Future", of "elsewhere", and of (for want of a better term) "spooky escapism". In 1963, it offered something unprecedented on British screens, and in a slot usually reserved for game-shows or light entertainment. As far as the combination of BBC values and space-age thrills went, it was the only game in town until July 1969. Even if nothing else about the series had changed, and if January 1970 had seen the start of a fresh run of black-and-white "adventures in time and space" starring Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines, the public's response would have been different this time around.

As we've been saying throughout this volume and the last, the shift from 405-line images - with enough indeterminacy in the picture to allow the viewer to invest a bit of imagination in the "gap" - changed everything. Even people who still held on to 405-line TV sets saw a difference in the picture quality. On a 625-line set, wires showed up, reflections in metal doors were clearer, and the overall impression was of something rather more complete. There was a "take it or leave it" quality to the picture. It was there, whether we helped make it happen or not. With the change in transmission came enhanced sound, especially on newer sets with bigger speakers and transistorised amplifiers. Then, in November 1969, came colour. (Actually, BBC2 had been in colour for some time, and it'd had trouble filling the schedules with suitable programmes. BBC1 and ITV held out until enough sets had been sold.)

Think about the earliest films to use colour sequences. They were nearly all fantasy inserts in otherwise monochrome films, and almost all the films were musicals. Musicals in the 1930s had a utopian feel, and a lot of the appeal was the (temporary) sense of optimism, order and plenty. Colour is, for narrative purposes, in excess of what's needed to tell the story. Bright, primary colours take us to a place somehow better than where we live. Above all, if you haven't seen colour on-screen before then everything looks fresh and desirable. The black-and-white films being made in the 1960s all seemed to be about dour, grim reality, and losers with no way out. "Kitchen Sink" dramas were, by the late '60s, made in black-and-white by choice. But on television it was a different story.

The lighting plans for the new format, not to mention the Plumbicon cameras, changed the content of the picture as much as the fidelity of it. In black-and-white BBC drama, the filmed sequences were starker and clearer than those done on VT. In colour, this was reversed. Even old ladies with cataracts noticed the difference, although they couldn't articulate exactly what had changed. The depth-of-field of colour 16mm film is constricted. Even today, the lenses and lighting for this format tend to flatten out the image (which is why, for instance, the original lighting cameraman on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* opted to include sources of coloured light for people or objects closer to the camera). The celebrated dolly-shot at the start of 5.1, "The Tomb of the Cybermen", wouldn't have been as effective in colour.

More importantly, although the first colour story partially disguises it (7.1, "Spearhead from Space"), the ratio of film to studio VT alters rather a lot after this. Far fewer "indoor" filmed scenes occur, even though the amount and the nature of the location shoots remains the same, at least to begin with. The series looks more like an ITC adventure series in content, but less like one in style. The change in recording practices, and the eventual move to a more film-like out-of-sequence taping policy, alters the content and quality of the performances and scripts. It was never quite like broadcast theatre, but the way the BBC did things after 1970 was more technically adroit and less "actorly".

Just as an aside, this technical proficiency extends to the use of synthesisers and CSO. Neither is entirely routine and casual at this stage, but the effort involved in making the sound or picture happen is mainly a matter of laborious setting-up, not of patience or skill in the process of making something "by hand". Pre-voltage-control electronic music was a matter of playing with the texture of sound, literally handling and manipulating it as a physical object (a tape, chopped up or otherwise distressed). Inlayed visual effects had a similarly haphazard and hand-made quality. But

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viewers who know it's made in colour expect more, even if they've only got black-and-white sets.

The immediate upshot of this, as we saw in "The Space Pirates" (6.6), was a demand that special effects be more than story-telling devices but a convincing representation of what the event would actually look like. If this turned out to be impossible or inappropriate, then the emphasis was on making the effect an "event" in the episode, not just a form of punctuation. We move from "what's happening?" to "look at that!". The give-away is that stop-motion animation looks perfectly natural in Season Six stories, but would have seemed utterly wrong in a Pertwee story. Only Douglas Camfield ever dares use the technique in colour, hence the less-embarrassing of the Skarasen scenes in 13.1, "Terror of the Zygons".

But early '70s stories use puppets, usually on CSO. This requires a different kind of indulgence from the viewers to what's usual for black-and-white stories. The successful examples of this are all in Season Ten. And "successful" is a relative term. Not everyone likes the Drashigs, but they're no more lurid or implausible than Vorg or the Eradicator effect, also in "Carnival of Monsters" (10.2).

Television is automatically at a remove from ordinary life, even though it's in the viewer's living-room. 1960s fashion was, to a great extent, determined by what looked good on a small monochrome screen. White lipstick couldn't have been sold in any other period. To some extent, the sheer starkness of the clean lines and high contrast made television better-than-life, the way Technicolor had been for cinema. The most successful black-and-white-era entertainment had picked up on Mod stylings, in both fashion and set design, to create an "elsewhere" that was almost abstract. When colour came in, the hit series was the all-singing, all-dancing costume parade *The Black and White Minstrel Show*. And, of course, televised snooker.

Colour provides many ways to ring the changes, starting with the sheer bravado of the use of CSO, and the discovery that skin-colour can be an issue in ways which Malcolm X - and the Black and White Minstrels - never imagined. Little things like explosions become more interesting once orange smoke can be used. Well, marginally. The early '70s series doesn't seem to realise that an explosion is only interesting if we care about what's exploding and why, and isn't inherently exciting even if it's well-executed. Eventually, colour *Doctor Who* figures this out, and returns to visiting gaudy planets. The most telling thing is that one of the denizens of such a world, Alpha Centauri from "The Curse of Peladon" (9.2), eventually made a cameo appearance alongside the Minstrels.

But for the first three years, the colour series can't tap this potential, so the programme-makers resort to stories which almost seem to fetishise their mundane settings. The thing is, people liked the *Minstrel Show* mainly because it made no effort to seem as if it were anywhere other than the Shepherd's Bush Empire (an old Music Hall, converted into a TV studio suitable for live audiences). All the leggy girls in coloured satin and big feathers belonged there, and nowhere else. Colour and plenty were being promoted as what the 1970s were going to be about, and if things were gaudy then they were futuristic. The main reason *Star Trek* got into syndication, despite having fewer than the regulation number of episodes, was that it was one of the most-watched colour programmes in the US. Not only was the fact of its being in colour part of the original promotional material, but RCA Victor actually used *Star Trek* to try to sell its UHF sets as "Space Age".

(With hindsight, it's lit and designed much like an MGM musical. Which is apt, since the *USS Enterprise* was built on the same sound-stage on which Fred and Ginger had danced in the '30s. For those of us without colour TVs, the appeal wasn't obvious: unless you know that the green woman is green, she's just another of Kirk's conquests with a bad hair day. It's a myth that the plot of "The Curse of Peladon" was inspired by *Trek*, since Galactic Federations were a staple of published SF, but the one thing "Curse" *does* seem to have picked up from Kirk and company is its lack of restraint. Imagine it in black-and-white. No, neither can we.)

We're taking time to describe this change because the nature of the public's requirements from *Doctor Who* shifted accordingly. Instead of being a series located in environments that were more or less the pretexts for the stories, the desire for "spectacle" made events *within* the stories almost more important than where the episodes were set or why they were happening. The Jon

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Pertwee episodes have an increasing tendency to go for set-pieces (usually fights or car chases), not as punctuation between events but as events in themselves, linked by exposition. Using the same film stock as news bulletins shifted the programme's relationship to the news, to other TV dramas, and to the viewers.

Television had two options, to relay a world to us or to get us to help make one. Colour television can do just-like-life if it's "describing", or bigger / simpler than life if it's "evoking". Colour *Doctor Who* began by plumping for the former. It had no option, until the majority of the viewers had colour sets. Whether the result should really have been called *Doctor Who* is a matter of individual taste.

Soon, it'd be possible to tune in halfway through an episode and not immediately know what programme you were watching. In a story like "The Ambassadors of Death" (7.3), only the title sequence would give it away for anyone who'd been overseas for seven months. Even "Spearhead from Space" only has tangential connections to anything we've seen before. The only character common to this and the Troughton era is the Brigadier, who'd been in the programme a year or so earlier and might not have been remembered by half of the viewers. There's the TARDIS prop and a mention of Yeti and Cybermen, but that's it. We don't even get a monster until the second cliffhanger.

One of the key features of the programme's original appeal was its unpredictability. Not only did we as viewers not know what kind of story was coming up, but anyone who'd crossed the threshold and ended up travelling with the Doctor was on a one-way journey. Getting home safely was unlikely, to say the least. From "Spearhead from Space" onwards, there's a base other than the console room. Even when off on test-flights, there's the option to return. By 2005, Rose can ring her mum or her boyfriend from the year five-billion. Yet when Ian and Barbara want to get back, they hijack a Dalek time-machine, force the Doctor to fix it, and even *then* get home two years late. With Earth-based stories, the stakes are a little lower and the options fewer. Malcolm Hulke's famous complaint that it was now either invasions or mad scientists proved mildly pessimistic, but this is mainly because the writers - himself in particular - were crafty.

This isn't just a problem based on a constant stream of Yeti-in-a-loo stories. Any constraint on what was possible would have left at least some of the viewers feeling cheated, and any of the many types of story available to the Hartnell-era writers would have been dull after three in a row. If they'd decided to make every story a historical, or a pastiche Adventure in History (the difference is one we mentioned under 4.1, "The Smugglers" and 4.4, "The Highlanders"), then many people would have complained. Had they opted to make every story like "The Celestial Toymaker" (3.7) or its competent relative "The Mind Robber" (6.2), there would have been lynchings. Even twelve consecutive weeks of the Daleks had been too much for most punters (3.4, "The Daleks' Master Plan"). That said, the dogged insistence on everyday Britain repeatedly under threat had its own inherent absurdities and artistic shortcomings, as we'll see.

The Doctor himself has undergone an irreversible change. He now has a home planet, and his own people have finally appeared. Which means that they keep being mentioned. From "mysterious, ageless traveller and scientist", he's now just another alien. He's revealed, in the very next episode, to have two hearts and wonky blood. From now on he'll reveal previously unmentioned deus ex machina physical characteristics like self-induced comas, respiratory bypass valves, and any number of other handy traits. Regeneration itself is no longer the result of some deal with the nature of time, but a biological process.

And his homeworld is shown to be populated by very dull men in frocks who make speeches at each other. Whilst this sets the Doctor's character into sharp relief, the shift from the unseen forces in episode nine of "The War Games" is pure bathos. But not as much as the let-down from all the veiled hints over the previous five years to a backstory for the Doctor which is, essentially, that of Mole from *The Wind in the Willows*.

Just two stories on from this, we have "Doctor Who and the Silurians" (7.2). It's a family-friendly *Quatermass*, with no mention of the TARDIS, no juvenile lead male companion, a Doctor with a joke car who strips to T-shirt and jeans in the last episode, and - crucially - the end of the story only works because he's not going anywhere in a hurry. Aside from all this, we have the (ahem) "pioneering" use of CSO and the "challenging" score. None

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of this is in any way like anything in Season Six. It begins and ends with the Doctor working for the Brigadier, with no explanations and no scene in which he has to figure out where he is. And yet, most stories begin with an attempt to pretend that the previous one didn't happen, or at least didn't change anything. The Doctor might grumble about the Brigadier killing the Silurians (7.3, "The Ambassadors of Death"), but no-one mentions the plague that hit London a week ago, nor is the manned Mars programme spoken of before or after.

A related point, and one that people often miss: it's only with "Spearhead" that the Doctor suddenly acquires an encyclopaedic knowledge of the universe, rather than having to work things out from scratch. Before now, he's only occasionally displayed prior knowledge of any given alien, planet or exotic scientific phenomenon, and even *then* it's been based on experience rather than on the routine assumption that he knows everything (the rare exception in 2.5, "The Web Planet", is so out-of-character that it's noticeable even through the Vaseline). As soon as he gets stuck on Earth, he immediately starts boring his colleagues with stories about the eyebrows of the Delphons and the fingers of the Lamerdines. Before long he knows the weak-spots of every baddie he's liable to meet, and by the late '70s he turns out to be virtually omniscient. In a series about an outsider trapped in a single environment, this is inevitable, but so much for the "investigation and observation" idea.

Still, a lot of the public seemed to enjoy the change. As we've said, to have persevered with the '60s formula wouldn't have been viable. Financial constraints are the usual reason given, but there's something more pertinent that's rarely mentioned. It's quite simply this: *Doctor Who*, as a brand, no longer had any reason to exist.

What other programmes like it were there in 1963? *Stingray*? Hardly. *Pathfinders* and its sequels were no longer being made, mainly because Sydney Newman had gone to the BBC. *Emerald Soup*? Be serious. Only the pre-tedium episodes of *The Avengers* came close, unless you count the occasional *Armchair Theatre* fantasy. But fast-forward to 1970. *UFO* has a secret military force protecting Earth from aliens in the near-future. *Doomwatch* has a team of scientists coming under political pressure as they investigate techno-hazards and eco-horror. *Timeslip* has teenagers lost in spooky temporal paradoxes. Most flagrantly, *Jamie* has a lad called Jamie Dodger - no, really - travelling through history with a cosmic hobo called Mr Zed. It's amazing the lawyers weren't called in14.

More importantly, the difference between the sound of *Doctor Who* and the sound of anything else on television was being eroded. Synthesisers were catching on. With the Radiophonic Workshop being given the "Delaware" EMS Synthi 100 to play with, they still had a bit of a head start on the Americans, but not as much. ITV shows like *The Magic Fountain* were soon using the same technology. If you don't think this is important, then you've missed something major about '60s *Doctor Who*. It was as distinctive a soundscape as anything ever broadcast, and in its context, more alien than anything before or since.

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The biggest slap in the face was the BBC's decision to launch a new series at Saturday tea-time during the summer gap. Readers of *TV21* had been given a six-month head start, with the colour centrefold comic-strip given over to exciting space adventures. When *Junior Points of View* announced that this strip was based on an American television series, also called *Star Trek* - and that this was going to be shown in place of *Doctor Who* - expectations were high. Of course, the actual series was nowhere near as good as the comic, and the first few episodes were full of old men arguing. But this hardly mattered.

Because on the same day as the broadcast of the first episode, coincidentally the start of the school summer holidays, Apollo 11 landed on the Moon. Why accept model effects and actors in tinfoil, when we had something more convincing and less predictable on the news? This, as much as Vietnam or "Spock's Brain", killed off *Star Trek*. So how could *Doctor Who* compete? The series had begun before Kennedy was even in the ground, and his "New Frontier" had given the 1960s an overall sense of anticipation. After the moon-landing, the whole world was experiencing a collective sense of "now what?". Space, as far as television drama was concerned, had been done.

Fortunately *Doctor Who* always had more than one shot in its locker, but it's telling that when the TARDIS was finally repaired (10.1, "The Three Doctors"), a generation of new viewers didn't know the Doctor was anything other than UNIT's chief scientist. Which shows you how far the series had been marking time. When the programme finally returned to its roots (12.2, "The Ark in Space"), it looked like a strikingly radical change of direction. By that point, though, we knew too much about the Doctor to ask "who?" and were encouraged to laugh at Harry Sullivan for not knowing as much as *we* did.

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